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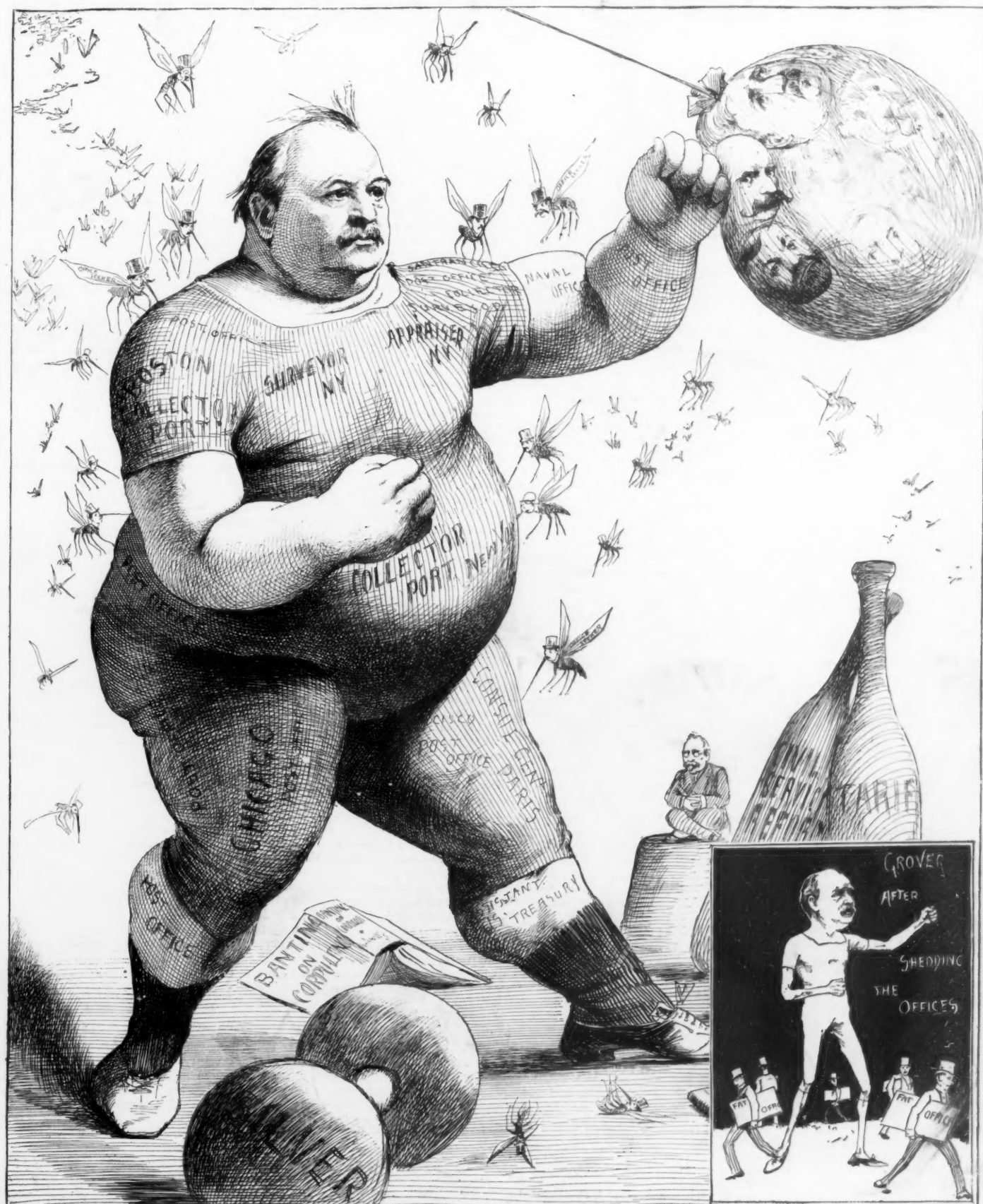
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1893.

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AN IMPENDING CRISIS.  
(See page 2.)

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## AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

(See front page.)

THE President three hundred pounds and more has now attained,  
It's fearful and it's wonderful the way his flesh has gained;  
He worries lest he'll get to be in size an elephant,  
And so his weight to lower he has well resolved to bant.

He should have done it sooner, when his second term began,  
For even then he was not what you'd call a little man.  
The truth is that his greediness has brought him to this strait,  
And is the vital cause of his increased, unseemly weight.

He's slept upon appointments that are still not given out,  
And clung to fat preferences, till there's not a shade of doubt  
That they in turn now cling to him; in fact, on him have grown,  
And give to him the trouble that he feels, but will not own.

Upon his arms "Post-Office" fat has gathered and increased—  
The flabby fat that adds no strength or muscle, in the least;  
His legs, too, have accumulated blubber quite the same,  
Mixed with another adipose—the "Consulship" by name.

His girth has been expanded—well, beyond all decent bound,  
The Collectorship of Gotham is too big to carry round,  
With all the other kinds of fat that load poor Grover down,  
And give him such a singular, uncoveted renown.

His bosom's also swollen to a most absurd extent,  
Oh, in a bad fix is our roly-poly President.  
What though he swings the Indian clubs of this and that reform,  
And dabbles with the dumb-bell when the weather is real warm?

What though he strikes the punching-bag, which must be rather hard,  
Does he believe he thus his mammoth growth can e'er retard?  
Vain dream! such treatment cannot for his case effect a cure,  
He must try other means that will his better health insure.

He must shed these fat offices now sticking unto him,  
Before he can expect to have a body neat and trim;  
By giving worthy men a place he'll all the land befriend,  
And Fatty Degeneration will not be his fearful end.

L. M.

NEW cases of cholera are reported from France.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD of Illinois has made the greatest mistake of his life.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD is a bigger man than old United States Supreme Court! Is he?

If the Sherman Law is repealed the new political party will come to the front in every State of the Union. Wait and see.

WHEN the American people put their foot on the neck of Anarchism in Chicago seven years ago, they made a mistake! Did they?

ALTGELD was born in Prussia, 1848. He must not be associated in the public mind with Schurz, Ottendorfer and the other Forty-Eighters who tried to secure a rational liberty for that country.

THE President has decided not to hasten the extra session of Congress. The monetary world and other influences do not agree with this decision. But the President is a very firm Executive.

MAJOR GILROY is opposed to the continuance of the schoolship *St. Mary's*. Has he asked the opinion of experienced men in the shipping business? If not, we would advise him to do so. After all, even a mayor don't know everything.

THE idea! Wall Street and monometallists say the silver dollar is worth now only fifty-three cents. And yet the hood-carrier takes it for a hundred cents, these hot days here in New York on these "hurry jobs" right under Wall Street's nose. And glad to get it!

THE secret of George Gould's mission to England is out. Mr. Augustin Daly's London theater was opened on

June 27, and his young railroad majesty was present, together with Ambassador Bayard and the rest of the notables. Mr. George Gould is an inveterate first-nighter.

SECRETARY CARLISLE has requested Assistant Emigration Commissioner General James R. O'Beirne to resign, though he is admitted to be a faithful and competent officer. The only reason he is removed is that the place is needed for a Democrat. What becomes of the boast of Mr. Cleveland's friends that really efficient officers will not be removed? It was O'Beirne who put the new law into effective operation. He ought to have been retained, whoever became chief.

## OUR PICNIC IN THE ORCHARD.

THE Fourth of July will not be slighted anywhere this year. GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Signers, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS and even the Anarchists will fit in nicely this time.

One very plain, simple truth seems especially apropos on this one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of our natal day. Leading up to July 4, 1776, the primal influence at work among the Colonists was the idea of ownership, of dearly bought possessions, of priceless legacies, of rights and responsibilities transmitted from father to son. This was the Fathers' country, because they made it, chopped roads through its forests, subdued its stubborn soil—took it, in a word, from the hand of Nature's God and made it their home. England never owned the thirteen original States!

So to-day. What we have must be guarded—we, that is, all—no matter where they may have been born, who have and hold to the American idea. This is not a gnarly orchard upon which foreign scions are to be grafted. This orchard bears the choicest fruit of human freedom and rational advancement and opportunity. It was planted in Providence's own fullness of time. It has been watered by the tears of prayer and suffering and joy and hope—yes, and enriched by freemen's blood freely poured out about the roots.

This is the Know-Nothingism of the Fourth of July. We know nothing except that the American Union is all in all to us. The Union must grow apace, not one section at the expense of the other; not capital against labor, nor money against borrower, nor foreign-born against native-born.

The time has gone by when the Union needs to be lauded as the asylum of the oppressed or the cradle of liberty. It is rather the training school of the liberty-loving immigrant and the arena whereon the keen battle of life is to be fought, with special privileges to none. The germ of liberty has long since sprouted. The young shoots need careful watching. The full-grown trees are straight and stately, and must be protected from the senseless defacings of demagogues who would write their names thereon at the expense of the trees; from the Anarchist who would chop them down and burn them; from the tyrant, whether individual, clique or party, that would fence them round about.

On this Fourth of July, let us go about among these scions and pioneers of Colonial Orchards. It is well for us to be here, and for all others who may come and love these trees as we love them, and who are willing to guard the fruit as we and the Fathers have been willing to guard them.

## STIRRING EVENTS.

IT must have been the sun-spot tumultuous that played upon the earth during the past week or ten days. In the eastern Mediterranean, under a scorching Syrian sun, the *Victoria* with more than four hundred men sunk in less than fifteen minutes after a collision with the *Camperdown*—an appalling disaster for which there does not seem to be the slightest color of excuse, as the sea was calm and the weather propitious, and a full complement of well-disciplined men and officers were taking part in the maneuver that resulted so disastrously.

In the great State of Illinois an ambitious Governor, without the slightest provocation, pardoned the three Anarchists FIELDEN, SCHWAB and NEEBE, not on the ground that they had been exemplary prisoners during their imprisonment or that they had been punished enough, but on the ground, distinctly stated, that judge, jury, Appellate Courts, and everybody else who had anything to do with their imprisonment, were but a combination of tyrants—in a word, that these Anarchists, and of course those who were executed at Chicago also, are in fact the very "martyrs" that their fellow-bombers claim they are.

Far away in crowded India, the land of the sleep-inducing poppy, a bolt has fallen out of a clear sky into the jungles, and the natives will all be awake presently. The Indian Council has stopped the free coinage of silver; and the "financial world" of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, and the mortgagees of South America, find it necessary to be disturbed to such an extent that silver is soon—so say "financiers"—going to be out of a job as money altogether, and will be glad to take a situation in the arts. It is easy to see why the "financial world" is roused by the news from India, because that world usually sleeps, even in hot weather, with the best eye open; but it must have been a very tumultuous sun-spot that roused the Indian Council to such precipitate action.

The voting in Germany is so close that Fatherland will not know where he is at until several days after the Deputies get together in the Reichstag, which will be on our own Fourth of July. The probability is that the Army Bill will have a majority in that heavy-brained body. Whether it has or not, tumultuous times may be looked for in the German Empire, at least until the present ruling sun-spot moves around an inch or two on the sun's limb, so it can fall off and take a rest. The fact is not so generally known as it should be, that there is a distinct party in the Empire that is opposed to Prussian domination altogether. This looks bad for the future stability of this great aggregation of petty kingdoms, dukedoms and principalities: Germany may have her war of secession before her, even if she have not another French war.

France is about to settle with poor heathen Siam. An old dispute about boundaries and alleged aggressions on the part of France have led to actual war, and French battleships have probably ere this shelled the capital city of Bangkok. France protects Anam, and a satisfactory boundary between that country and Siam has not yet been agreed upon. The French claim the whole left bank of the Mekong, which is a strip of land considerably greater than the whole of the undisputed Anam. The Siamese claim this is more like annexation than settling a boundary line. If France is as cross-grained as the rest of the world this week, it is no doubt annexation, and not rectification of boundaries, that she is after.

And the great city of New York is not without her troubles—poor, patient, long-suffering Gotham! A Chicago newspaper, backed up by the City Directory canvassers, says that the Windy City has four hundred thousand population more than New York; and that the young giant of Lake Michigan and the prairies is about to enter into sharp competition for first place with Paree and Lunnon. But it is the *Chicago Evening Post* that says this. The day was, no doubt, very exciting at Jackson Park and very trying on the *Post* boys. A toot in the evening will not hurt them, so they are on hand the next day. But New York has a real vexation at home. The storm-center covers the Fourteenth Street Wigwam of Tammany Hall all day, moves over to Newspaper Row during the night and bursts upon the city every morning. The *Tribune*, *Press*, *Recorder*, Colonel COCKERILL's two *Advertisers*, the influential *Herald*, and even the old-reliable Democratic *World*, are training their guns on the great organization that rules New York City; and so fierce is the cannonading that bills presented by members of Tammany Hall for services are hanging fire in the courts. Charges are openly made even by merchants that Tammany Hall is as corrupt and high-handed as it was in the days of TWEED.

The *Victoria* disaster will lead to the court-martialing of Captain BOURKE of the ill-fated battleship, who was not lost, as at first reported. It is more likely, however, in the light of present information, that Rear-Admiral MARKHAM of the *Camperdown* will be court-martialed and found to be responsible for the disaster. The particular maneuver which led to the collision was this: Five ships were abreast, the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* side by side and flanked by the other three. The order was given by TRYON for the two ships named to steam ahead of the rest, turn around and go back in the opposite direction. The *Camperdown*, not commencing to turn in time, made a short turn and collided with the *Victoria*, which had made the turn in the regulation time and space. In this case, not BOURKE, but MARKHAM, was responsible for the disaster.

The Anarchist pardons by Governor ALTGELD have aroused unusual indignation. The *Chicago Evening Journal* has raised the question of his citizenship. The great majority of law-abiding citizens would rejoice at the prospect of his impeachment, if that be possible. Executive clemency is one thing; executive reversal of the decision of the highest courts in the land, coupled with an executive message impugning the integrity of judge, jury and of all persons concerned in the Anarchist prosecution, is quite another thing. It is nothing short of Anarchism itself. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the action of Governor ALTGELD a disgrace to the United States. FIELDEN, SCHWAB and NEEBE are now free, and the Anarchists are encouraged. ALTGELD is not fit to be Governor of Illinois. He should be impeached, if possible. He could not reverse that sort of prejudice.

The excitement in Wall Street over the action of the Indian Council does not take the form of a panic. Silver has fallen several cents per ounce, it is true; but the white metal is used to that sort of thing now. It is the opinion of the extreme monometallists that silver may keep its place as subsidiary coin, if it behaves itself. The free-silver men claim this is but another dodge of the gold-bugs, and that it will be impossible for Great Britain to demonetize silver in India. India, they say, takes in more money than she pays out; hence British gold must accumulate there, and as gold and silver are on fairly good terms in that country, it will not pay England to demonetize the white metal. The action of the Indian Council will probably pave the way



for an international gold-silver ratio, a consummation which ONCE A WEEK considers the only solution of the gold-silver difficulty.

Russia is suspiciously quiet recently in European diplomacy. France is taking a hand in African conquests, and has just inaugurated a war, clearly a war of aggression, in Further India. And these two great powers are fast commercial friends. Germany may well maintain an armament equal at least to either the Russian or the French. Internal dissensions in the German Empire would be a very dangerous circumstance at present. For that very reason, the German people are likely to stand together, to strengthen the hands of the Kaiser and CAPRIVI, to look around them, to watch the hostile Gaul and the non-friendly Cossack. Furthermore, the first elections showed an alarming Socialist strength. It is not likely the Reichstag under these circumstances will do anything hasty.

Whatever be the merits of the case, it is apparent that the Republic of France is only following out in the Siamese War a clearly defined and vigorous policy of aggression on weaker and semi-civilized States. She is evidently looking forward to a career of commercial greatness. The rich commerce of the Orient and of the Africa of the future is doubtless the objective point of all these petty aggressions that are so little creditable to her from a purely humane point of view. Whether or not France is in league with Russia in her Asiatic aggressions, it is a remarkable coincidence that Russia is quietly pushing forward on the Pacific and in Central Asia, while France confines her operations to the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean.

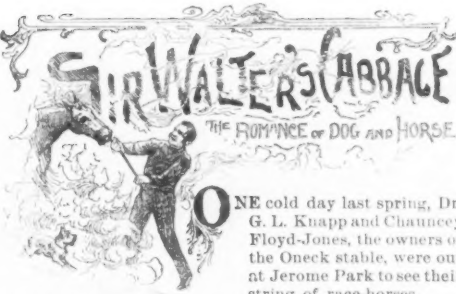
ONCE A WEEK desires to treat the claims of all great cities with respect, and shall rejoice at the prospect of Chicago heading off Paris and entering the race against London for population. The Fair City has plenty of room to grow, and there are several considerable towns, villages and stretches of settled-up prairie within easy reach of a vigorous policy of annexation. But our friends of the *Evening Post* must remember that New York's population is growing every minute, and that there is a city across our big bridge here that represents several years of Chicago's future growth yet. If Chicago becomes threatening for first place, all we will have to say to the Bridegroom is: "Come"—and he cometh: the Greater New York, which, after all, is the real New York.

Tammany Hall and the Republican journals of New York never were the best of friends, and it is not to be expected that the *Tribune* and its younger brothers in the Row will ever "pull" with the Wigwam. The *Times* is essentially anti-Tammany, even when extremely Democratic. So is the *Evening Post*. But the most serious blow to Tammany Hall is the open opposition of the *newsy Herald* and the undisguised hostility of the *World*—even more violent than that of the *Herald*. But Tammany has prudence as well as an ambition to rule and an invariable habit of rewarding its members with good positions. The government of the city of New York is not *absolutely* in the hands of the Wigwam, if the people come down with a fully-meant and well-founded veto. We doubt very much whether the leaders of Tammany Hall will allow corruption in municipal affairs anything like that which obtained in the days of TWEED. If they do—the handwriting on the wall may become visible any day.

#### GOLD—PAST AND PRESENT.

THOSE who can recall the gold excitement of twenty-five years ago will recollect with what vigor and spirit many youthful and hardy Canadians made their way to the Pacific Coast in search for gold. California of the present is chiefly the outcome of its vast mineral treasures, now backed by its grape and orange-growing capacity. It is really wonderful how rapidly gold discoveries of importance develop a country. Such is to-day particularly the experience in South Africa, where, in the short period of six years, Johannesburg has grown from absolutely nothing to a population of over one hundred thousand people, and on a purely gold basis.

Up to the present Canada has been rather slow in gold finds. Sudbury, a country town on the line of the C. P. R. R., near North Bay, has been for a short time past the *chief nickel* center of Canada, and this mineral is now being operated extensively by British, Canadian and American capital. Outside of the nickel belt or area, at a distance of from twelve to twenty-five miles, some very interesting and attractive discoveries of native gold, in quartz, have recently been made. The only positive extensive developments so far made are by the owners of the Gopher Mine in the same district, which has changed hands already at a high figure, and a quartz vein, in the same section, now being operated by an Ottawa company, of which not one dollar of stock can be had at present, the prospects are so bright. The country is being carefully examined by reliable mineral experts, and in a short time it is expected this gold belt will prove fully as productive as the neighboring nickel belt; and it is confidently anticipated that as these finds become more known and better understood, the interests of Sudbury, as well as this section of the C. P. R. R., will be very considerably advanced.



ONE cold day last spring, Dr. G. L. Kuapp and Chauncey Floyd-Jones, the owners of the Oneck stable, were out at Jerome Park to see their string of race-horses.

Walter Rollins, their trainer, showed them about from box to box, and finally the quarters of that great little horse, Sir Walter, were reached.

"Do you know, Chaun," said the doctor, "there's one of the best race-horses that ever looked through a bridle. He won last year for the stable enough and more to pay for G. W. Johnson, and I really think he has beaten horses that were faster than himself just by his bulldog pluck and grit."

Just then there was a movement in the straw at the doctor's feet, and out started about the strangest-looking animal that ever was seen. It looked like a ball of musty yellow wool. It certainly was alive, for it moved; and it certainly was a dog, for it growled a bit. There was a tail to it, but it was such a no-account tail that it hardly counted; for it was a stub of a stump, bare as a board, save for the end, where a bit of mangy hair grew.

"Great Scott! Rollins, what's that?" said the doctor.

"That's Cabbage, doctor."

"Cabbage! Where did he come from, and why Cabbage?"

"Well, you see, doctor, one awfully cold day that dog wandered in here. He was about the most forlorn, wretched object I ever saw. He was thin as a lath, and he had just strength enough left to stagger up to Sir Walter's door here. The horse was just being led into his box, and the dog threw himself down into the deep, warm straw and went fast asleep—or unconscious, I don't know which—at once. I was about to throw him out, when the horse smelled about him for a minute, then gave him a lick or two with his tongue, whinnied a bit and looked me straight in the eye. If ever a horse spoke, that horse, doctor, said—'Keep him.' That settled it. The dog was so like an old frosted cabbage in color that I named him Cabbage—and that's all."

"But is he any good?"

"Not a bit, doctor. He just loaf and eats on us. I have never heard him bark yet. He just looks at you with those sad eyes of his, takes all you can give him and sleeps about all the time. He's the sleepest varmint I ever saw in all my life. Except for feed and drink, he'd never wake up at all, I believe."

"Then why do you keep him, Rollins?"

"Well, doctor, it's all on account of his great affection for Sir Walter. You know most all horse-trainers are superstitious. We don't like to drive away an animal, specially a dog, who cottons to one of our horses. I don't believe any one can ever get at Sir Walter as long as Cabbage is alive. Walter just loves the dog, too. He is always poking in the straw to find him, for the little fellow is lost in it half the time. By and by Walter'll find the rascal, and then he'll roll him about, but just as tenderly as if he was a little baby, wake him up, nose him a bit. Then you'll see Cabbage lick the horse's face all over, and then cuddle down in the straw and go to sleep again. On Tuesday night I saw a bit of a prick on the horse's fetlock. I knew in a minute that it was done with a fork through sheer carelessness, so I called the two boys up and questioned them. They both swore they didn't do it. I just sent each of 'em to the box to turn over the straw. The first one did it all right, but the instant the second lad moved the pitchfork in the straw Cabbage made a dash for him, caught him by the tail of his jacket and hung on like death. We just had to pull him off. That settled it. I bounced the boy, and I really think there's some life in the dog, after all."

"I should think so," said the doctor. "Keep him, Rollins. I think he'll bring luck to the stable, or anyway, to plucky little Sir Walter."

Cabbage waked up about this time, and he blinked his sad-colored eyes and wagged his two inches of bare bone of a tail, with the oasis of a hairy bunch on the end of it, just in mute satisfaction-like, as though he fully approved of the doctor's sentiments.

So Cabbage slept on in the horse's warm straw all the cold spring, and when he was ever fully awake he'd coddle up to the horse, and they seemed to grow fonder and fonder of each other day by day. From the Brooklyn Jockey Club the stable moved on to Morris Park, and from there on Friday, June 16, the string were taken to Sheephead Bay.

The following day the Coney Island Jockey Club races began. Of course, Cabbage journeyed with the outfit, and he seemed to grow sleepier every day.

However, that Friday night was an eventful one in the life of the sad-eyed dog. In fact, it proved the event of his life.

After the horses were bedded down for the night, the two stable attendants, with the usual cussedness of their class, walked off to the village. In the loft of the stable, asleep, was Jockey Doggett's valet, and of course Cabbage was dreaming away in Sir Walter's box. All was as quiet as a wilderness—and so it should be, for in a few hours Sir Walter was to run in the Tidal Stakes, and his owners and their friends were to venture a pile of money on him. Iola, a maiden two-year-old, a full sister to Sir Walter, was to run in the third race also.

In a few minutes the peace and quiet of all this scene was changed to a pandemonium of horror and danger.

The valet upstairs was awakened by the yelping of a

dog. It was first a succession of growls and then a licking of his face, till he sat right up bewildered. There was Cabbage, wide awake, wild and crazy with excitement. He just seemed possessed of seven devils. "Why," said the man afterward, "I thought the dog was mad. His hair stood out like bristles. His eyes were ablaze! How the devil he got out of Sir Walter's box and got up the ladder here into the loft stumped me. I knew something was wrong, and I smelled smoke very soon. Well, I went down that ladder quick. Something went past me in the dim light; it was Cabbage. He jumped and landed first, and bolted for the stalls at once. I rushed to the horses. Sir Walter and Iola were my first thought, for I knew they were to run that day. I wasn't quite sure of their doors; but I broke one open, and, to my horror, it was the feedroom. By this time the smoke was thick and black, and I could hear the awful crackling of the flames inside somewhere. The dog was barking near me, too, and jumping against a closed door. I got another door open and rushed out a horse. It proved to be Iola, and she went to nibbling the grass at once. I was about suffocated with the black smoke, but I made another effort at another door. Cabbage was jumping up all over me and the door, and I felt sure it was Sir Walter's box. Finally I got the padlock off. The horse was in a corner shaking and shivering. The flames now burst through the roof and lit up everything. I couldn't budge him. Poor Cabbage was possessed. He'd jump up and catch the horse by the nose, and seemed trying to drag him out. I was getting weak and frightened, and I was tempted to run for my life. But we all love Sir Walter, and I made a last effort. I pulled the blanket right over his head, put my arm round his neck and tugged and pulled him. Cabbage got at his heels and bit at them, barking like mad all the while. He got a lot of help, that dog, too. Finally, somehow, we got out. The flames were in full blast now, and the heat was awful. The fire engines had arrived, too."

All was light as day. The two-year-old was some distance off eating the new young grass, just as quiet as if she were in the barn. Sir Walter, though, was a wild horse. He shook and reared and made every effort to get back into the fire. Cabbage was at his head all the while. Every time the crazy horse would get near the blazing stable the dog would make a jump for his head, snap at his forelegs, and, with the assistance of the firemen, drive him away. Cabbage was actually human in his efforts to save him. Finally the horse was bridled and led off with Iola to another stable.

It took a long time to quiet the horse, but long after daylight he seemed to settle down. Cabbage stuck to him faithfully, and at length, when peace was restored, blinked his sad eyes a bit, curled up in the straw and went to sleep. Ah, Cabbage! you have been a hero indeed this night, and, if one may say so without irreverence, God bless you, good dog!

About noon Walter Rollins was sadly troubled. Here was Iola stuffed nearly full with grass and entered in a race to be run in little more than two hours. Trainers generally starve their runners on a race day. However, a general consultation of owners and trainer followed, and it was resolved to start both the entries. Cabbage seemed to approve of this desperate resolve, for even in his sleep his stumpy tail thrashed the straw a wee bit. Iola ran in the third race against eleven others and won the four furlongs handily.

Sir Walter, Sir Francis, Lidgerwood and Dr. Rice, all at one hundred and twenty-two pounds, started in the next race, "The Tidal Stake," for three-year-olds, at one mile. Cabbage looked on in his sage, old-fashioned way while his chum's toilet was being made, and as the horse stepped off to the paddock—dainty and pretty as a blushing bride—the dog cocked his head to one side, sort of winked one eye and seemed to say, could one but understand the language of dogs: "Our little sister has just won her race and now we'll show what a race-horse can do!"

The game little racer was backed down from 2 to 1 to 6 to 5, notwithstanding that he had been through fire but a few hours before. It was a grand race. Down the stretch for home Lidgerwood led by a length from Sir Walter and Sir Francis. Both the latter closed under punishment. They all three got to the wire nearly locked, but honest Sir Walter won by a head under the hardest kind of a drive, in 1:43.

Cabbage received him, as he was led back to the stable, with royal honors, running round him, jumping up and down and giving tongue in his excess of joy.

Cabbage has two beautiful collars, now, in commemoration of his bravery. The one he wears bears this inscription:

"From the owners of Sir Walter to Cabbage, as honest and brave a dog as ever lived."

Cabbage still dozes, most all of the time, in the quarters of his chum. He wakes up to eat and drink as of old, but if the opportunity ever again occurs, Cabbage will again prove the brave heart and honest dog that he is. J. S. H.

#### LET THE DEAD REST.

It is unfortunate that at a time when Home Rulers should present a bold and unbroken front they are still found fighting among themselves. Can such men be true patriots? Are their own "feelings" of more importance to them than the success of the great measure of Home Rule? These men should remember that Parnell is dead, and that, however much the departed patriot may deserve of his country, no true friend of Ireland should make the name of the regretted leader a stumbling-block to success. For Heaven's sake, let Parnell sleep. Let personal "feelings" be ignored, and let each Home Ruler take what he can get now, and trust to the future for more.

Gladstone cannot live forever, and should he die before Home Rule becomes an accomplished fact, Irishmen may look for an indefinite postponement of the realization of the great object they have fought for so long.



## PILGRIMAGES AND MONASTERIES IN RUSSIA.

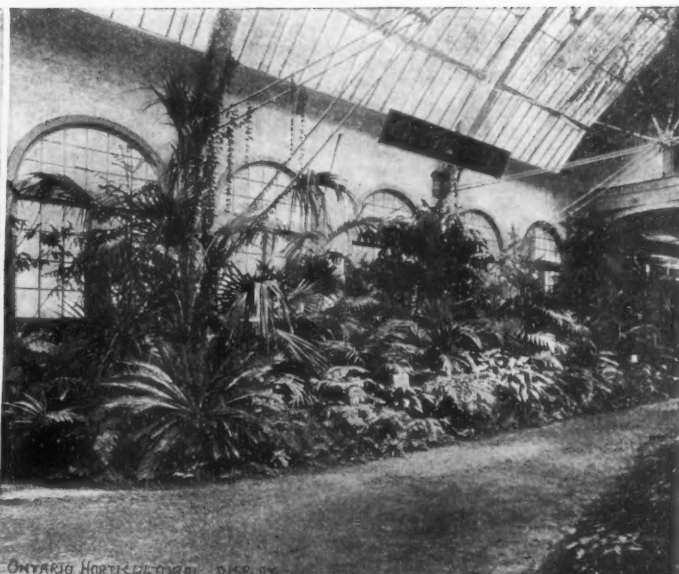
(See page 11.)



## CANADA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



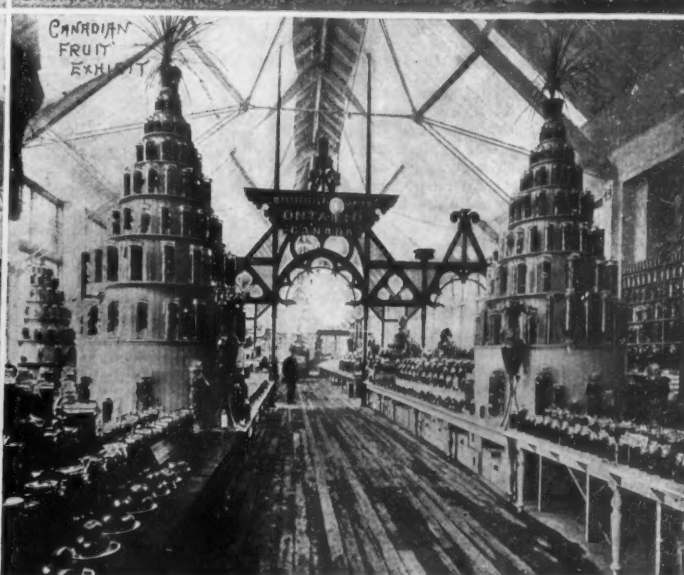
CANADA BUILDING



ONTARIO HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY



MINERAL EXHIBIT OF CANADA



CANADIAN FRUIT EXHIBIT

THE first place of interest to a Canadian in this great Columbian Exhibition is, of course, Canada's building. This is beautifully situated on the lake front, overlooked by the motherly eye of Great Britain's handsome edifice with the fac-simile of the American section of the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, London, in the square between. Beside the architectural beauty of the different United States' buildings Canada's effort in this line looks simple and unpretentious, yet is not lacking in grace and dignity. It is pavilion-shaped, surmounted by a dome, with little or no exterior decorations beyond the coats of arms at each entrance. Two enormous gorgeously painted tutelary gods from Northern British Columbia, which guarded the home of a noted Indian chief some two hundred years ago, greet one's eyes as one enters the pretty square hall with its dainty post-office and broad staircase. Each Province has its departments handsomely finished in native woods. There are very daintily arranged reception-rooms where tea, etc., will be dispensed to weary Canadian pilgrims. In the private room of the British Columbia commissioner is a mantel worthy of note. It is constructed entirely of native woods with the British Columbia coat of arms in the center. Two pieces of tapestry-work which stand in the main entrance attract much attention. They are sent by a lady from Vancouver whose mother worked them. They are copies of two of Landseer's paintings and are almost entirely worked in wool, one piece containing about six hundred and ninety thousand stitches. Every detail is brought out to perfection, and they are, I am told, exact reproductions of the originals. The horticultural display of ferns and palms is very fair, but in fruit and vegetables Canada holds a prominent place, especially in variety of fruits, of which there are some thirteen hundred jars alone and from six to seven hundred varieties. Nova Scotia shows an interesting exhibit from Acadia, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Ontario has the largest exhibit, having nearly one hundred varieties of grapes alone. British Columbia shows some enormous fruit, especially noticeable being its apples, which the judges were enjoying as I



ONTARIO SECTION WORLD'S FAIR

passed through. In the Transportation Building stands an exhibit of which we may greatly be proud. I mean the Canadian Pacific Railway's trans-continental train. The entire car, which has a most unpretentious exterior, is of white mahogany. The sleeper, finished in pale-blue plush, looks the acme of comfort; each compartment is furnished with a plush-covered shelf and little hammock for the disposal of one's goods and chattels. The kitchen might be termed a pocket-edition of a perfectly equipped culinary department. The "butler's pantry" opens from it into the elaborate dining-car, where the tables, glittering with silver and prettily shaped glasses, suggest the luxury one may enjoy during a trans-continental tour.

The Canadian exhibit in the Mining Building holds a deservedly prominent position. All the native ores, marbles, granites, etc., in which Canada is so rich, are most artistically arranged. The largest and most complete nickel exhibit ever made in the world forms part of this

display. One large ingot of silver nickel, from the Sudbury mines, weighs four thousand six hundred pounds, and is valued at two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The gold exhibit has a way of looking very modest to the eye of the uninitiated, but is nevertheless well worth seeing.

A BUST OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

A bust of the late Sir John Macdonald, in paraffine wax, designed by Mr. H. MacCarthy of Toronto, for the Imperial Oil Co., Petrolia, is an excellent likeness and a fine specimen of the work that can be done with this material. The agricultural display passes description. On one side of the aisle stands the mammoth cheese weighing eleven tons. Here is certainly quantity, and (I tasted the cheese) quality also, but for both conditions in perfection one must look on the opposite corner to the agricultural exhibit of the Dominion. This is comprised in a space of room 90x70 feet. The exterior of the pavilion which incloses it was built and decorated by the Dominion. The different Provinces, including the Ottawa Experimental Farm and Guelph Agricultural College, designed their own exhibits. The genial superintendent of the Ontario department of cereals, Mr. James A. Marshall, was most kind in an-

swering my questions and presented me with the accompanying picture, which shows the northwest section of the pavilion occupied by the Ontario exhibit with a peep at the pretty pagoda-like room, having the legend over the door, done in corn, cut diagonally: "Guelph Agricultural College," which is the special pride of that institution, not only for its artistic beauty, but also for the excellence of the products there displayed, than which there are no better to be found on the show grounds. Behind this stands Quebec's display, consisting of two high towers, one of tobacco and one of general farm produce. Ottawa holds its own in an artistic compartment designed to illustrate the workings of the Experimental Farm.

British Columbia departs from the general rule by displaying a large case of native birds, which form a very pretty and interesting ornithological display. As I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the excellence of this exhibit, I must substitute the opinions of others more able

to judge. As we stood admiring the artistic exterior—elaborately decorated with the finest of farm produce, its glass pillars filled with grain to represent marble, and vases of the same, which one would have to break to discover the fraud, scattered about the handsome porchlike entrance—a gentleman (not a Canadian) passing, remarked: "This is the finest exhibit in the building." Mr. Marshall showed me many such remarks in the visitors' book. One visitor, an American, writes: "Canada has not taken a back seat in its agricultural exhibit, and I would be willing to grant it first award." Another, from Iowa, "thinks we should be annexed." There are numerous others in the same strain, which, coming from our American cousins, are very pleasant and reliable witnesses of the excellence of this exhibit. In the Building of Manufacture and Liberal Arts Canada could have made a much finer display if all of her large establishments had exhibited. Inside the white and gold castle-like interior one finds much to admire, however. The Northwest exhibit, with its practical illustrations of the work done among the Indians, is especially interesting to strangers.

#### A REAL WIGWAM.

One good feature is a real wigwam, made of skin and painted in gorgeous colors; another of straw, covered neatly with samples of Indian handiwork of all sorts. There is a model of an Indian village done by natives, an ingenious spiral staircase carved by four Indian boys, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen; also clothing, carved work, paintings, and all sorts of industry, even to boots, all made by natives.

A citizen of Peterboro has sent an interesting and ingeniously made table, composed of two thousand pieces of Canadian wood, the only foreign element being a piece of oak from Shakespeare's house, of which there is a picture in the center of the table. The "Dodge" adjustable chair from St. John, New Brunswick, is another marvel of ingenuity, its main advantage over other chairs of the same style being its ready and easy means of adjustment into every imaginable form one's comfort-loving instincts suggest, and the ease with which it may be moved about with little inconvenience to the occupant. St. John shows a very interesting silk exhibit. The raw silk is rolled from the cocoon. The little egg-shaped cocoon is placed in warm water for a moment, when the silk of a pale-yellow color is easily rolled off; it looks frail, yet does not seem to break easily.

The Canadian educational department is in the gallery overlooking the one I have just been describing. Canada may be very proud of this exhibit, where the youth of our country show us what they can do in every branch of art and industry. The different art schools and colleges in Ontario have a particularly fine exhibit. The Toronto art school has the largest display of figure-painting in oils. Whitney shows some excellent heads. London's exhibit is strong in design, as is also Alma College, St. Thomas, whose exhibit in water-color perhaps exceeds in artistic merit any of the other schools. Dr. May, superintendent of the Ontario art schools, showed me some tiling designed by a girl of fifteen, the daughter of a common laborer in Brockville, Ontario, who makes one thousand dollars a year and will soon make two thousand as a designer. The artistic and original designs to be seen in this department are a flattering index of what one may expect from Canada's rising generation.

#### FLATTERING REMARKS.

"Good for Canada," I heard a visitor exclaim as he passed through this department. Quebec has a very interesting display of work done by the different charitable institutions in that Province. Painting, drawing, free-hand drawing, designing, fancy-work, and a fine display of good, useful knitting, comprise the main exhibits. The Christian Brothers, Quebec; the Sisters of St. Anne, Lachine; the Ursulines and many others show most beautiful work, the result of their excellent educational system. I was particularly pleased with a large design, not pupils' work, however, but a historical table of the progress of the Institute of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, from 1653-1893. It is a large design showing the notable characters who have given their lives to build up this great institute, and showing also their different buildings as they evolved from modest proportions to their present elaborate structures, and surmounted by a picture of the foundress, the venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys. One thing I forgot to mention in the Ontario exhibit which struck my fancy—a fac-simile of a most dainty tea-set given the Queen at her recent Jubilee, and painted most beautifully by a young lady at the London art school. This leads me into the Canadian display in the art gallery. Here, as elsewhere, one hears on all sides the assurance that Canada holds her own.

The largest and most attractive picture in the exhibit is "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," by J. A. Reid, R. C. A., Toronto. The figures are life size and the artist has made the most of a heartrending situation. The breadwinner of the sorrow-stricken family, with the stamp of death upon his face; the hopeless attitude of the poor wife and mother, the patient face of the old grandmother, the innocent little children just awakening to a knowledge of the sad realities of this life, the hard-faced commissioner quite unmoved by the pitiful grief he is bringing in their midst, and last, and perhaps most touching, the baby sleeping so peacefully in its cradle, with the full light, which Mr. Reid uses with such good effect in his pictures, full upon its unconscious face—all go to make a scene so lifelike and sad that a lump rises in one's throat at sight of it. In happy relief to this is "Ah, there!" by T. M. Martin, R. C. A., Toronto. A fox appears around a tree to a much-startled partridge, whose ruffled feathers and distended tail show readiness for immediate action if the intruder does not "stay there!"

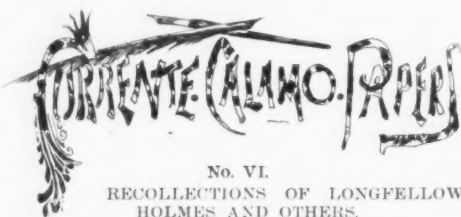
Mrs. C. M. B. Schrieber's genre picture "Christobel" is in her best form. One can almost feel the spray while looking at "Niagara," by L. N. O'Brien, R. C. A., Toronto. Jacob's two landscapes are, of course, gems. Bell-Smith, R. C. A., has several of his best efforts, "The

Thames from London Bridge" being particularly pleasing to me. Paul Peel's much admired "Venetian Bather" re-awakens regrets for his early decease. Robert Harris, R. C. A., Montreal, has some delightful portraits, as well as other pictures. Verner's "Monarch of the Prairie" is deservedly much admired. D. Fowler, R. C. A., Emerald, Ontario, has a large and most interesting display, as have also C. M. Marly, A. R. C. A., Toronto; Sherwood, R. C. A., Toronto, and, oh! so many I would like to mention if space permitted.

#### THE FINNY TRIBE.

In the Fisheries Building is one of Canada's best exhibits. A large fishing vessel in full sail, which took the gold medal at the London World's Fair fishery exhibit, 1883, stands in the center. It is the pride of Nova Scotia, as is also a model of H.M.S. *Constance* and *Curlew*, sister ships, well known, I fancy, to American enterprise in Canadian waters. The variety of stuffed fish displayed is claimed to be the largest in the entire exhibit. It contains fine specimens from fresh and salt, Pacific and Atlantic waters. Salmon weighing seventy-nine pounds, white sturgeon one hundred and fifty pounds, huge mackerel, whale, sharks and others. The manufacturers, exhibit of Canada is much scattered, but, it is said, is the one which most attracts and pleases visitors. The carriage exhibit is also good, considering it is a comparatively young industry with us. On the whole, Canada comes off in flying colors, as all Canadians who will have a chance to visit the show will be able to proudly testify on their return.

MAUDE HIRSCHFELDER.



SOMETIMES wonder if those beautiful elms that arch over the Mall at Central Park do not whisper to one another resentful things about the statues below them. It would be hard to say which of the three is most distinctly bad as sculpture—Scott, with his effect of having blanketed himself for the bath; Burns, with his precarious anatomy, or Fitz-Greene Halleck, with his elevated chin and absurdly poised pen. Surely a statue of Longfellow would not be out of place on this rich-foliaged thoroughfare, and we now have several American sculptors amply capable of such a work. But I hope that, if Longfellow is ever thus put into life-size bronze, the artist will bear in mind that he was the least forbidding and the most affable of men.

I had met him during a visit in Boston two or three years before we really became friends. But in 1880 I was asked to read the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and, knowing this, the poet wrote me the most charming of letters, in which he begged that I would "make his house my inn." Of course I accepted so honoring an invitation. Mr. Longfellow and his two daughters received me with kindest welcomes. I was given so antique and Colonial a kind of bedchamber at dear old Craigie House that I told my host the next morning of how I should not have been at all surprised if some high-shoed lady with powdered locks had glided past me some time between midnight and cock-crow. On the following day Longfellow went with me to the college grounds, an act of courtesy which I duly valued. It was a perfect June morning and the campus looked very engaging below its majestic trees. Longfellow introduced me to a number of distinguished and scholarly men before our march began along pleasant paths to the steps of Sanders's Theater—an edifice dedicated to collegiate gatherings and Harvard's renowned temple of oratory. I could not help observing that my celebrated friend was handsomer and statelier than all the elderly pundits and savants who surrounded him. This was only two or three years prior to his death, and he died, if I mistake not, somewhat after the age of seventy. "Pray describe him," one of his myriad unknown admirers afterward said to me, and I found it easier to answer in this way: "He is the noblest and most winsome old man I have ever seen. He has the head of Sophocles on the body of Chesterfield."

Extravagant as this may sound, it was nevertheless notably true. The poet's head was superb in its grandeur, and his curly and silky white beard and mustache increased the gracious dignity of a figure and bearing more exquisitely courteous and gentlemanlike than any which I have ever witnessed. Many people have imagined him as the typical, timid, shrinking, overmodest, semi-valetudinarian bookman. He was nothing of the sort. He was a student and a man of the world commingled in perfect harmony. He had mixed with the best society of both Europe and America, and no subtle nicety of personal deportment was unfamiliar to him. Though not by birth a Massachusetts man, he was connected by marriage with one of the oldest and most exclusive families of Boston. In talking with him for a half-hour or so, you somehow saw the high-bred gentleman almost as quickly as you saw the large-brained poet.

I was very nervous that day about the delivery of my poor poem, and if I had had to recite instead of read it before so important an audience I might easily have come to grief. But Longfellow's genial encouragement sustained me, and I have always thought it owing to him that I got through my declamatory task even fairly well.

On that same day I met Dr. Holmes for the first time. An immense dinner was given that afternoon in one of the largest of the college halls, and Dr. Holmes, as president of the Phi Beta Kappa, took the office of toast-mas-

ter. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn, who had been the orator of the occasion, sat on the "autocrat's" right; I occupied a chair on his left. Extempore speaking of any kind has always been a lost art with me, and on learning that I must reply to a toast at the very beginning of this enormous banquet, I turned to Dr. Holmes and "begged off" with eager vehemence of entreaty. Those merry and vivid eyes of the doctor's regarded me for a few seconds with implacable dissent. "It's the invariable rule," he protested. "The poet at these entertainments must always say something when his health is proposed." But presently I saw a gleam of mercy in the shrewd, sweet, wrinkled face. I felt, then, that I was saved. But Dr. Holmes, with his positive magnificence as a silver-tongued amphitryon, saved me in a peculiarly graceful way. When Dr. Storrs had finished a short speech full of tact and felicity, and when the "poet's" health was proposed amid complimentary clamors, my stanch friend in need rose and said (shall I ever forget the apt, neat and infinitely relieving words?):

"Our poet has to-day used his wings so well that we will not ask him, gentlemen, to use his feet."

Longfellow, that same evening, gave a delightful dinner-party in my honor. I forget who were all the guests, but one of them was Mr. Howells (who had just published his admired novel "The Undiscovered Country"), and another was Miss Sara Jewett, the actress, then in the full flush of her beauty as a woman and her reputation as an artist of marked histrionic talent. Afterward we assembled on the broad verandah, where the sultry and moonless dark would scarcely permit us to see one another's faces. In his grave, suave voice Longfellow soon said to me: "How beautiful is a summer night!" From any one else the words would have sounded commonplace; but coming from his gentle lips they made me somehow think of his own poetry, wherein the familiar and the obvious are so dexterously interwoven with the original and the unique. I began, a little bashfully, to quote one of his four incomparable sonnets, "On Translating the Divina Commedia," and I had hardly reached the end of the octave before I became aware that I was giving him decided pleasure. When I had ended the sestet, his large, luminous eyes beamed thanks upon me through the balmy dusk. And then, after he had most gracefully thanked me, I said to him: "Oh, but you get so much of this sort of thing, I am sure!" Here he shook his head, and answered with soft earnestness: "No, I assure you that I get very little of it. People come to see me and stare at me, and want to look at my Coleridge inkstand, and all that. But I rarely find that they know my verses, as you do, by heart." This was the sense of his response, though I cannot, after so long a lapse of time, quote it literally.

I loved to sit and talk with Longfellow in his spacious and simple library at Craigie House. I often wonder if the family have not kept it, in hallowed reminiscence of him, just as he left it when he died. As he seemed so deeply beloved by all his kindred, I am nearly sure that this is true. He took great interest in replying to any courteous letter that reached him, and had the answered and unanswered ones carefully filed at the large writing-table where many of his best later poems had been composed. He was unlike Lowell in this respect, for Lowell's positive rudeness toward nearly every stranger who addressed him was a fact that his eulogists have preferred to leave unrecorded. Longfellow once told me that he disliked a certain "professorial" tinge in Lowell's verse, though admitting its power. He mentioned such coined words as "de-saxonized," and hinted that they smelt too strongly of the workshop, which I thought was altogether true. He had no great love for the novels of Hawthorne, and very naturally their gloom, however richly poetic and thoughtful, repelled his sunny spirit.

Just how sunny a spirit it was, few have completely realized. In that very library a horrible sorrow had fallen upon him. His beloved wife had suddenly appeared there with her light summer garments in flames. Before he could seize her she had rushed out on the lawn through the low, open windows. In seeking to relieve her agony Longfellow severely burned himself; but that night his wife died.

Still, not even so ghastly a tragedy as this could permanently gloom the rose-light of his optimistic nature. He had endured fearful physical sufferings, too, from neuralgia, though he was perfectly recovered at the time I knew him. All in all, he never struck me as being quite like his poetry, which is devoid of passion, of intensity, of drama, notwithstanding its phenomenal beauty. I have always fancied that he did not entirely write himself in his verse; for to talk with him at all seriously was to see in him a man of the most virile elements, a man utterly unprudish, and one in whose veins the blood beat red, healthful and warm. But that part of himself which he has given us in his poetry was the part which he probably held holiest and purest. And surely its influence and potency are still regnant among thousands, both here and overseas!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

#### A BREATH OF SUSPICION.

A VERY charming novel, pure and wholesome in every line, is "A Breath of Suspicion," written specially for ONCE A WEEK by Frances Isabel Currie. It is essentially a novel for the fireside and family circle, but with no dull page from opening to close. The picture of the old Scotch clergyman, wrapped up in his dark, austere and forbidding religiousness—his rugged and rough intolerance, which unconsciously sacrifices the essence of piety and goodness to forms and bigotry—is a masterly work. Mrs. Currie has managed to crowd into her novel a good deal of fine character-drawing and striking incident, notably in three of her leading *dramatis personae*, the parson's independent niece, her sarcastic though adoring husband, and his false friend, the villain of the story. We promise our readers rare enjoyment in the perusal of this latest of Mrs. Currie's clever works, which will be mailed with No. 14 of the present volume.





THE world will improve as it becomes better known to itself. This is an encouraging fact. It implies that most of our troubles arise from ignorance and lack of thought, and not from knowing too much. The cure for partial knowledge is not less knowledge, but more. We contain within ourselves the material to make us happy and free.

Among the many unexpected lessons which are to be derived from the World's Fair this is one of the most obvious. If only all men—their habits, beliefs and products—were known to all other men, we might almost say that evil would be at an end. If we could travel from end to end of the planet as easily and quickly as from end to end of the Fair—and, by the way, those who have come home at night after a fifteen or twenty-mile tramp, looking and getting new impressions all the time, may not think even this is so very easy—we should be within sight of a state of things far more resembling the Millennial epoch than anything we have had yet. Meanwhile, the Fair itself, by giving us a taste of what the world is and has accomplished, is awakening a desire to compass further knowledge, which is the first step to its own realization. We may miss the mountain-peak if we are traveling at night, but when it is revealed to us by the sunlight we deem it to be as good as attained already.

We thought we had outgrown the Orient and could do without her. We have inventions and machinery, and culture and refinement, and all the luxuries of civilization. We have fed our brains till they have become almost too proud to admit their relationship with our hearts; and our women are trying to make themselves like our men. Meanwhile, Asia has been standing still.

But Asia has come to the Fair, and, somehow, she is conquering unconquerable America. She is beginning to fascinate us. We first admire, then pity, then embrace. But if in this respect she may be likened to the incarnate Vice that the poet sings of, it by no means follows that Asia is essentially vicious herself. On the contrary, it seems not unlikely that she may turn out to be in certain ways a good deal better than we are.

The same is true, in a less degree, of the barbarous nations who have appeared here through their representatives. They, too, have retained secrets of life which we have forgotten, and which are capable of adding to human happiness. They may even be able to do without us, as time goes on, better than we can do without them. The truth is, they have never moved from the main centers and sources of life. After all our intellectual excursions we are forced to come down and live, at last, just as surely as the South Sea Islander and the Dahomeyan. We must live—simply live—or else we die, and what is all our fine civilization worth then?

All the art and literature of the Orient, all her religion and philosophy, sublime and subtle as much of it is, all her painting, sculpture and decoration, all her music and her modes of existence, are based upon the beauty and joy of life, and never depart from them at no matter how alluring an invitation on the part of mere intellect. The Easterners have felt by an unerring intuition or instinct the deadly coldness of the unmitigated intellect, and have avoided it as they would death itself. So have the barbarous races, in their darker, less intelligent way. But we have divorced ourselves from this great natural marriage of brain with heart, and though the breaking of the chain has enabled us to soar high, the time is coming, or has come, when our wings will fail for lack of vital energy any longer to propel them. Then must we return to the cradle of the human race, from which we wandered into the wilderness at the dawn of history, and relearn the mighty lesson which our pride and impatience have led us to forget.

Music is the criterion of the life and genius of a people. Our present musical creed is the one which has been most completely formulated and illustrated by Wagner. It is a music of the harmonies of the brain. It is exquisite, artistic, refined; it exalts the mind, and makes the listener feel, while under its spell, superior to the world. But when the strains die away we find that we are less superior than we were induced to imagine, and the reaction leaves a sense of lassitude and disappointment. We may repeat the spell and try to make its influence perpetual by constantly resorting to it; but an end must come, as it must come to the visions of the hasheesh eater. And when it does come, then we shall cry out that we have been deceived and that the world is a delusion, from which suicide is the wisest escape.

I do not mean literally to say, of course, that devotees of Wagner are all destined to commit suicide. I use Wagner only as an illustration of our *fin de siècle* tendency. He is the fragrant foam on our cup, in which are sublimated the ingredients of the draught. If we continue on the path that we are now traveling it will be in Wagnerian music that the dirge of our race will be sung; and very delicate and refined the music of it will be. Music is not life, but it is the sound of the inner movement of life, and in nothing so well as in that can the genius and drift of a given philosophy of life be found.

I heard a man say the other day—he was a workingman of the more intelligent class, and was discoursing with a knot of his fellows, sitting beside the lagoon on an illumination night at the Fair—that music was all done. There

was and there could be nothing new in it. "You can put the notes in different places," he said, "and change the tunes about, and vary the sound of it in that way; but, after all, you are only using up old material that has been used a thousand times in pretty much the same way already. All the music that ever can be played has been played. It's the same way with stories; I heard a man say that in a lecture, and I came to the conclusion that he was about right."

While he spoke thus the strains from Sousa's Band, in the great plaza in front of the Administration Building, were floating in our ears; they gathered themselves up, stormed and ascended, and then sank into silence and were followed by a distant ripple of hand-clapping. Was this the end of music, indeed? The piece that had been just played did have a familiar sound. I had not listened to it attentively, partly, perhaps, for that very reason; but whether it were a piece that I was actually familiar with, or whether it seemed familiar because I had been used to hear the elements out of which it was made in other compositions, I could not say. It certainly was not new to me; and, when I came to reflect on the matter, I could not easily imagine any piece of modern music which would arrest me by its absolute novelty. It might charm me, it might interest me by its fresh and ingenious combinations; but it would never impel me to start up and cry out: "This is a new thing in music!"

So here was a somewhat lugubrious thought. If we have really come to the end of our music, so that it must depend upon the accuracy and retentiveness of our memory whether or not we shall care to listen to it any longer, we are at a sad pass. The loveliest intellectual combination becomes inaudible to the ear of the soul, if not of the body, after too many repetitions. We cannot get on without music; and yet there will be no music left that we can hear.

The next day I went down the Plaisance and stopped in front of the menagerie building there. It is arranged so that the cage containing the lions is just above the main door of entrance, and the lions, when they are not performing in the ring, have their abode there. When I passed it was about dusk; and the great beasts, in accordance with the law of their existence, which impels them in the wild state to go forth at this hour and seek their prey, were beginning to be restive and to tramp up and down their narrow place. So I stopped to watch them.

Of a sudden, one of them lifted his head and emitted a deep roar. The rude noise was thrown out from the back of the cage as from a sounding-board, and rolled heavily over the crowd that stood there with me. The other lions replied in kind; and soon there was a concert of roaring, which continued for some ten minutes. The crowd fell silent and moved not till the uproar ceased.

It was one of the great primeval sounds of nature; and, hoarse and menacing though the utterance was, it was nevertheless a musical note, and produced that vibration in the ear which is so different from the effect of mere noise. It vibrated not in the ear alone, however, but touched a deeper depth in the hearer; it made itself felt with a thrill in the center of the body, some way below the heart. There was a strange magnetism in the sensation; it stirred you where you lived, as the phrase is. It awoke vague inner emotions that are usually dormant. One felt, and yet almost feared to feel, a profound sympathy with it. It seemed to take you far back—illimitably far—to a period of human existence when the roar of the lion was as a household sound with us; or, perhaps, when we ourselves uttered similar sounds and were not dissimilar creatures.

When the roaring had stopped, and was replaced by the hum and babble of the crowds, chatting and laughing and going about their business, I walked on thinking about it. It was a new sensation that I had just experienced, and it was a musical sensation. The sound was the simplest of animal sounds, but it had a message in it. What might be its purport?

Further up the Plaisance there is a Turkish bazaar; and outside of it, sitting together on a low flight of steps, were two or three Turkish women. One of them was crooning some melody, and her voice flowed out in a strange, wavering tone, unlike any note that a European or American singer would utter.

A friend happened to meet me at the moment—the Plaisance is a place of strange meetings, if ever there was one—and we stopped to exchange greetings. After a moment he remarked upon the singing of the woman, and said: "It has struck me very much how discordant the voices of these women are. They seem never to have conceived the first idea of what we understand as music."

"Of what we understand as music," I repeated. "I think that is very likely."

My friend had given me an idea, and I bade him good-evening and walked on. Soon I came opposite a square building of moderate size, white, with colored Oriental tiles set along the eaves, and following the lines of the doors and windows. The windows were set with colored glass, and there was an arch of lanterns over the doorway. It was the Algerian Theater. I went in.

Scarcely had I crossed the threshold when my ears were assailed by an extraordinary uproar. It was close at hand, and proceeded from the band of musicians belonging to the place, who, instead of occupying an orchestra in front of the stage, as in civilized theaters, had placed themselves just within the doorway, with a view, probably, to attracting the public by the sound of their performance. The instruments were two or three drums, of an unfamiliar sound and aspect, and a couple of pipes of wood, very roughly fashioned, but capable of producing a sound the ear-piercing shrillness of which far surpassed anything I had ever before conceived. In comparison with it the scream of the bag-pipes is softer than the warble of the nightingale. The drumming, meanwhile, was very heavy, rude and irregular, as if it meant to destroy whatever shreds of a tympanum the pipes might chance to leave. Several persons who had come in at the

same time that I did endured the "music" for a minute or two, stopping their ears with their fingers; but when there appeared no immediate likelihood of its ceasing, they incontinently retreated, thereby losing the dancing, not to mention the twenty-five cents admission money they had paid at the door.

I sat down as close to the musicians as I could get and folded my arms and listened. For a time I could hear nothing that bore any meaning whatever. It was a terrifying confusion of raging, thundering sound, signifying nothing. I held on, however, and at last I perceived a change—not in the character of the music, which repeated itself with an unvarying monotony, but in my own sensations. I could now separate the sound of the drums from that of the pipes and consider them separately.

It seemed to me that the drum-beating was a singularly accurate imitation—on a gigantic scale, as it were—of the sound of the violent throbbing of the human heart, as heard through the stethoscope. Presently, upon this discovery, I could perceive that the action of my own heart was sensibly affected; and, as the drumming gradually increased in rapidity and fierceness, so did the vital organ of my body send the blood coursing more tumultuously through my veins. Meanwhile, the scream of the pipes entered into my nervous system from head to foot, and set up vibrations there which answered to the beating of the heart. The combined effect of these two elements was to bring about a strangely excited state of feeling—a kind of sustained tremor of emotion, having no special idea or object, but general in its character. And the nucleus of this emotional feeling finally concentrated itself at the precise point—a little below the region of the heart—which had before been influenced by the lion's roar.

By and by the music came to an end, the musicians went up on the stage, and the dancing and singing began. Of the dancing I will only say in this place that the music was an excellent preparation for it. But the singing—the women's voices in unison or singly—had that "discordant" note that my friend had just objected to, and it also again reached the same chord in me which the roaring of the lions and the shrieking and pounding of the musicians had set going—a chord which had never till that time been touched, save by some storm of passion such as it is the study of civilization to eliminate from human life. Yet seldom has a deeper feeling of life been awakened in me than by these sounds.

On other days I followed up my experiments and found that all the savage and semi-civilized music has the same basis, and partakes of the same character. It touches the sources of life and never the intellect. It belongs to a wholly distinct order of art. It is the art of nature. It is the first music; it is older than anything we know of. It is derived from the music of animal voices, the roar of lions, the bellow of bulls, the howl of wolves, the scream of macaws; it aims at the heart and the reins, the pulse and the nerves; it is fundamental and natural, not artificial and evanescent like our music; and once you have learned to know it, its very monotony and simplicity keeps it from ever becoming monotonous or dull; for though the intellect may tire, the emotions are unweariable and unfathomable.

I leave my experiment, however, to be followed up and interpreted by more skilled intelligences than mine. A music which has existed unchanged since the foundation of the world cannot be dismissed in a phrase or a paragraph; and I think we shall do well to make our account with it.

Julian Hawthorne.



DR. CORNELIUS HERZ

has had a remarkable and diversified career. Born in Germany, he became by adoption a citizen of the United States. Subsequently he went to France, volunteered as an army surgeon during the troubles of 1870, and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Returning to this country, he spent five years in Chicago, after which he went back to France and embarked in great electrical engineering enterprises. Being checked in his schemes by the French Government, he went to England, where he was taken seriously ill. His condition is now hopeless.

Neuralgic headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, 10 cts.



Entrance



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Linen maid

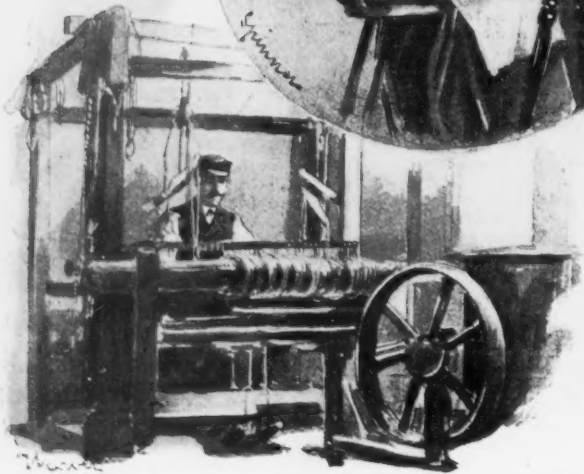


Monte

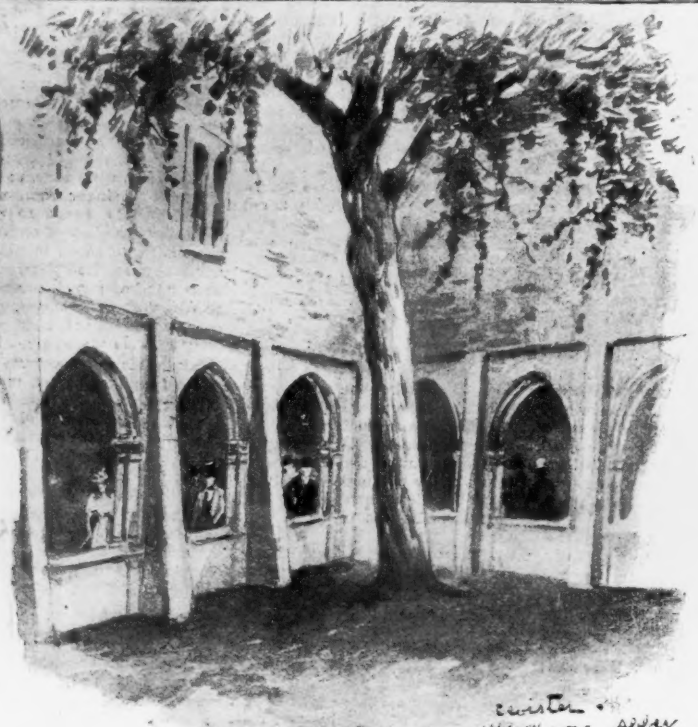
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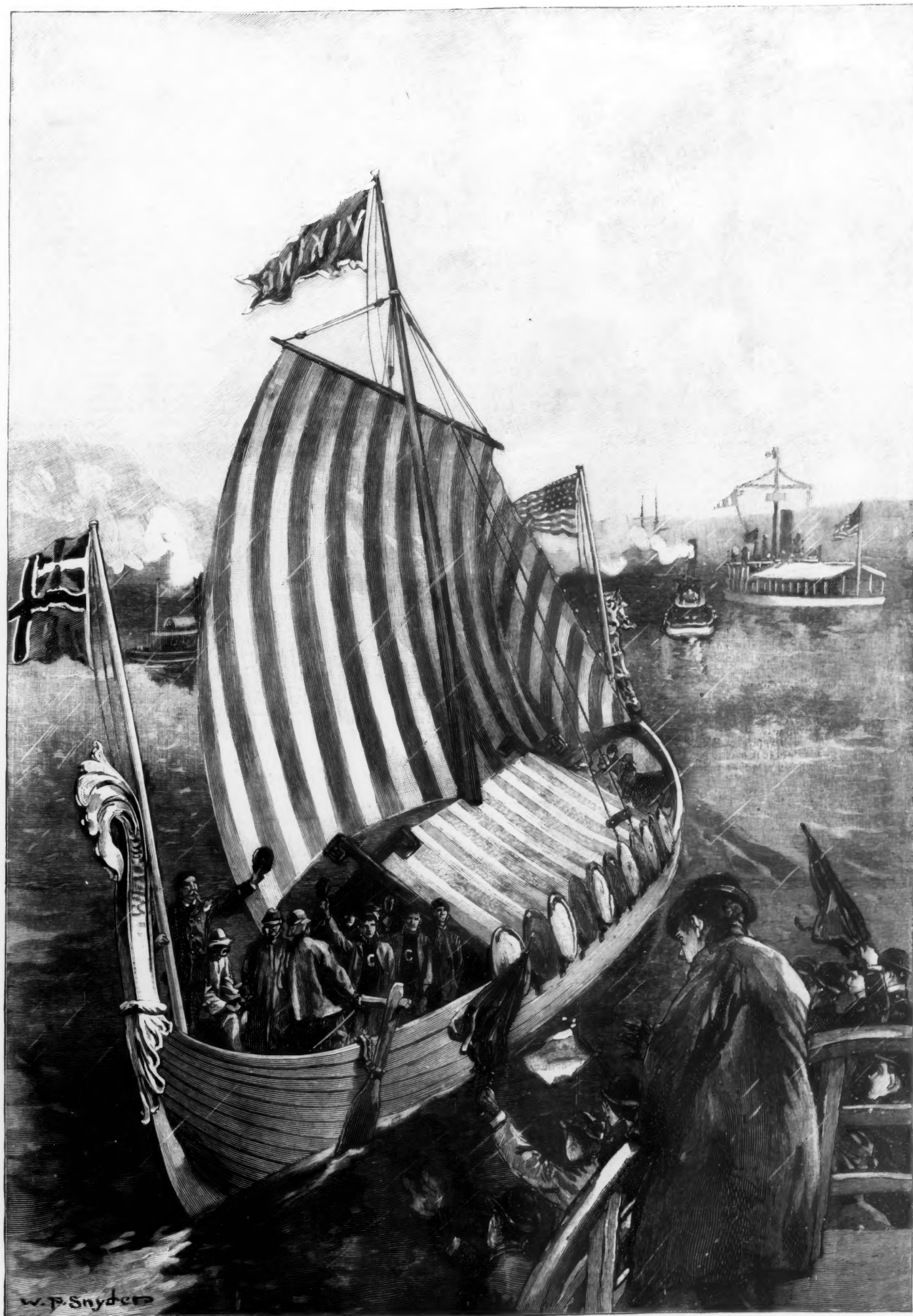


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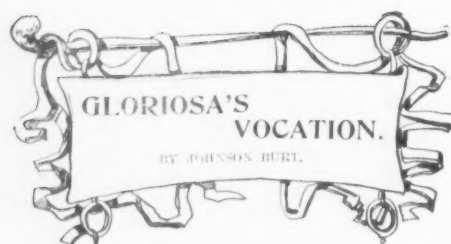
SKETCHES IN THE IRISH VILLAGE, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

DRAWN BY C. MENTE.





THE VIKING SHIP STARTS ON ITS WAY TO CHICAGO WITH A CREW OF COLLEGE BOYS.



GLORIOSA was not her real name, but it was the only one by which her husband ever addressed her; indeed, he had told her the very day he was first introduced that Gloriosa should have been her name, and he told her why in such an ardent though deferential and respectful manner that the suggestion did much toward making him the only successful aspirant to her heart. She was fully deserving of the name, too, so far as appearances went, for her beauty was of a grand type, and although her lips never said anything but what was commonplace, her large, handsome eyes looked at times as if they were absolute fountain-heads of expression—at least, so her husband thought, and if he did not know, who did?

After marriage Gloriosa went on being the superb creature which nature had made her, and she showed no signs of falling in love with any man but her husband, who, happy fellow, was in constant fear that bliss as ecstatic as his was altogether too good to last. Yet one pitfall after another of the many which await the feet of handsome young women in big cities was safely passed by Gloriosa. She seemed to care very little for dress—some women envious of her beauty told one another in confidence that she really was too lazy to pay proper attention to her appearance, and that sometimes she wore things which they would be ashamed to appear in. But Gloriosa didn't know, or if she knew, she didn't care, for her husband worshiped her at all times, no matter whether she was in the last new and expensive thing from the dressmaker, or lounging in a robe which was delightful, simply because it was so old that she needn't mind whether she soiled or tore it. Indeed, she did not demand many new things in which to display herself, nor did she attempt to play the part of a society queen, although scores of men and not a few women longed to be at her feet—another proof of laziness, said women who wished for one more parlor in which to see and be seen. Gloriosa did not even take the trouble to be jealous of any other woman, or try to take admirers from those who seemed more in need of them, as some handsome women seem possessed to do for the mere fun of the thing.

So her husband went on worshipping and wondering and fearing, although he was sure that Gloriosa loved him, and him alone. Certainly there was no sign of guile in her nature; besides, there was no mistaking the meaning of her ripe lips and clinging arms and melting eyes—charms which she lavished upon him quite as frequently as the most exacting lover could ask. And yet there were times when Gloriosa's eyes seemed to gaze far off into space, as if in search of something that must be had. At such times her husband would tenderly ask: "What is it, darling?" after studying her face anxiously for a few moments, and Gloriosa would look startled and confused and blush, yet meet her husband's eyes honestly with her own as she answered:

"I was dreaming with my eyes open—that was all."

Then her husband would beg to be told of the dream itself; but Gloriosa would evade a direct answer and bestow upon her husband a few endearments that would quickly drive the dream out of his mind and fill his heart with the dreamer.

One day, however, the secret came out, and it hadn't the least particle of guilt in it, though it made Gloriosa's husband feel very sober and not a little shocked. The woman declared that she loved her husband more and more every day, and she wanted to be everything in the world to him, and he was everything that any man could be to woman; but at times she had longings to give expression to much which had thus far seemed locked up within her nature. In short, she wanted to go on the stage—not to be seen and admired and wear beautiful dresses and be praised by the newspapers, but merely to act—to express herself. She confessed that she had spent many a day, when her husband was at business, in standing before the mirror and repeating passages from plays, and when she did so she sometimes felt as happy as if she were in her husband's arms. It was simply awful, she said with many sobs and tears, that she should feel that way; but really she couldn't help it.

After the first shock was over, the unhappy husband talked kindly to Gloriosa, and reasoned with her, and admitted that a passion for acting was one of those things which would occasionally creep into the mind of a person who had done nothing to invite it. He admitted that if she were upon the stage she would take the land by storm, and that all the other theaters would want to close their doors to hide their empty seats. On the other hand, people always said mean things about women who went from society to the stage, and sometimes newspapers would print things about actresses which would make husbands want to be murderers, and although any paragraph about Gloriosa that was not entirely complimentary would be idiotically or flimsily untrue, nevertheless two hearts would have to ache and rage over it, and to kill the writer would be against the law, although he might deserve to be dragged to death by wild horses. Besides, if she were to go upon the stage, her husband would have to give up his business so as to be her continual guard and companion, and he had heard that even the greatest actresses sometimes failed to earn enough to pay their necessary expenses, and Gloriosa knew she had not married a rich man.

Yes, all this was true, she admitted, which made it all

the more dreadful that she should have such an idea. Of course it would never, never do. Then she burst into another flood of tears, and threw her arms around her husband's neck and called herself the most miserable and wicked woman in the world, so within a few minutes it came to pass that the unhappy husband solemnly promised that his glorious darling should accomplish her heart's desire, which, after all, was merely to act—not to display herself. He did not see how it was to be managed, but he would give his entire mind to the subject for a few days, and see what could be done.

Within a week the business was skillfully arranged, and Gloriosa was so happy and exuberant that her husband felt that a new honeymoon had begun, although he had not been conscious that the old one had ended. Gloriosa shrank as timidly as her husband from publicity, so it was arranged that they should make the excuse that they would go West for a month to visit some far-away members of the family; then they were to follow one particular "barn-storming" theatrical company from place to place, and after Gloriosa had closely observed all the members of the company, so as to feel at ease as to her "support," she, without any announcement of any kind, and without being known to any of the supporting actors and actresses, except as a person who had been engaged to occasionally relieve the leading lady, was to go upon the stage and let her pent-up soul have its full expression. To manage all this cost Gloriosa's husband considerable money, for the manager, who was the leading lady's husband, had never before struck such a "soft snap," and doubted whether he ever would strike another, so he was willing to pledge himself to absolute secrecy and everything else which Gloriosa's husband desired—for a proper consideration. He even "bounced" the leading man, replacing him with a less capable actor, for the aspirant's husband had decided opinions as to what sort of fellow should even pretend to make love to Gloriosa and take her into his arms in full view of some scores or hundreds of people—including her own husband. Gloriosa assured her husband that she should regard the leading man, or any other person on the stage, as a mere stick that chanced to be there for a special purpose, and her husband did not for an instant doubt her word; but he was human, and, oh! if the world would only come to an end just before that first appearance, and he could carry Gloriosa in his arms to the blessed land where her longing to give full expression to herself would be mercifully and fully recognized.

But the world showed no signs of going out of business as the eventful day approached. Gloriosa had committed her part to memory and rehearsed it so many times in hotel bedchambers, with her husband to read the other parts, besides playing the leading gentleman's part, that her confidence was complete. The manager offered to give her some suggestions—indeed, he almost insisted—but Gloriosa's husband explained that his wife had her own conception of the part and must be allowed to play it in her own way—an ultimatum which the manager accepted only when accompanied by an additional and special cash payment. If the reputation of the company was to be endangered for a full season, the manager unkindly said, compensation should be of the size and nature of a payment for damages. Gloriosa's husband agreed with him; his own mind was in so muddled a condition that he could make no possible forecast of his wife's performance, but, if it would have the effect of so effectively ruining the company's reputation as to close all theaters against the play and its players, he would cheerfully make still another payment to the manager, by way of consolation.

It was finally arranged that Gloriosa's first appearance should be at a large mining city in Pennsylvania—a place where the aspirant and her husband were sure they had no acquaintances. The manager lived faithfully up to his contract; he told the company, only an hour before the performance, that his wife would be unable to play that evening and that he had secured an amateur who chanced to know the part. He also said that the amateur was a lady, and, as she might be of great assistance to all of them should the company at any future time chance upon hard luck, he begged that all of them would show her every courtesy and consideration.

Until the evening of the performance Gloriosa had never seen a stage dressing-room, and her husband confidently counted upon her being disgusted to an extent which might take some of her histrionic enthusiasm out of her. He was disappointed, for the magnificent eyes which had always been quick to express disapprobation of whatever was mean and common, seemed not to see the dinginess of the room; they saw only the dress in which she was to make her first appearance on any stage. She would have no maid; she declined assistance even from one of the young women of the company whom the manager said would assist her to "make up." Make up, indeed! Stage women might need to paint and powder, but what did a complexion like hers need to enhance it? She was dressed, ready and confident a full half-hour before the curtain rose, and then, without a bit of stage fright, curiosity or any other of the many feelings which torment even stage veterans at times, she fell into an exultant reverie. At last she was to have an opportunity to give free expression to her entire self; all the intensity of speech and gesture of which society would not approve and for which society offered no sufficient excuse, was at last to be let loose. She looked absolutely radiant—angelic, her husband thought, as he gently placed an arm around her, and she murmured:

"Oh! darling, I am so happy."

She might have seen, had she looked into her husband's face, that had he been as far removed from her as from happiness he would be many thousand miles distant. Her reverie continued until the manager tapped upon the door and said:

"Your cue in three minutes, madam."

Then she arose and strode from the room like a queen going to her throne; her husband snatched her hand and gave it an encouraging squeeze, but she quickly with-

drew it; for the instant she was wholly and solely herself, and with no sense of need of anything to make her stronger. Her husband followed her to the wings, and his heart came into his mouth as she began to speak her lines; then his fists doubled angrily, for he heard a hard, rough voice croak:

"Louder!"

Gloriosa appeared not to hear the warning, for she continued to speak in her natural tone; she had no thought of the audience; she was herself the only hearer in whom she was interested. Soon her husband heard another voice, which shouted:

"Ah! speak up, can't you? Clear your throat!"

The play went on. Gloriosa had not forgotten a line of it; she maintained her self-possession and ladylike manner, and when the curtain fell on the first act, she hurried to her dressing-room and into her husband's arms, lifted a rapturous face and exclaimed:

"Oh, it was heavenly!"

Her husband made an excuse to leave her for a few moments and go into a sample-room adjoining the theater. He had been to city theaters often enough to know where the first comments on a play are made, and he wanted to know how Gloriosa's work had impressed disinterested observers. He soon learned, and was dragged away by the manager just in time to be saved from an interview with the police. As the play went on he interrogated the manager, who remained skillfully non-committal for some time. Then professional feeling got the better of his discretion to such an extent that he dropped a single word which made Gloriosa's husband want to kill him.

"Blame yourself for it, you fool," retorted the manager. "You've been square with me and I ought to have sense enough to hold my tongue; but of all the infernal incompetency I ever saw on any stage, this is the worst. Why, man alive, your wife goes on as if she'd never taken a single lesson in either elocution or acting!"

"Well, she hasn't."

"Then what the something did she break onto the stage for?"

"For an opportunity for full and free expression—to let herself out without restraint."

"Umph! Well, do you know what I'd tell her if I were you? I'd tell her not to try it again until she knows how to do it."

The husband clinched his fists; then he seemed to change his mind, and he led the manager aside, whispering:

"I'll give you an extra hundred to come outside of her dressing-room, at the end of the play, and say every bad thing you can think of about her acting."

"Umph! I'm afraid there won't be time enough; we'll have to leave town in about three hours."

Nevertheless, the bargain was concluded, and Gloriosa heard that night a mass of honest criticism which caused her to bathe herself in tears. The manager had previously given a hint to the husband of the aspirant, which led the two dramatic critics of the town—being well paid—to be as honestly and severely critical as possible in their respective papers of the next morning. Within twenty-four hours Gloriosa and her husband were back in their New York home, explaining to their friends that they had been compelled by Gloriosa's sudden indisposition to shorten their stay at the West. Once in a while, afterward, Gloriosa's eyes took on their old far-away expression; but, at such times, her husband, by special request, read to her the printed critiques of her only appearance on the stage.

AN exchange says the reason men don't propose in the old way now—by dropping on knees and threatening suicide—is because they don't like, you know, to get baggy trousers.

PERHAPS it is just as well that women, as a rule, aren't business-like. If they were, they would see oftener than they do what bad bargains they generally make when they marry men.

FIRST CANNIBAL—"I am going to write a letter of complaint to the missionary society."

SECOND CANNIBAL—"What's the matter?"

FIRST CANNIBAL—"That last missionary they sent was nothing but skin and bone."

MINISTER (to Rory)—"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?"

RORY—"I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk."

MINISTER—"I don't like your running about to strange kirks in that way. No! that I object to your hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye wadna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures."

RORY—"I wadna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass."

"Your cook is a pretty girl."

"Yes, indeed; she mashes the potatoes by simply looking at them."

A FEW evenings ago a gentleman stepped from a train at one of the London stations, when a young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying:

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come!"

The old gentleman threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face, and horror stood in her eye.

"Oh, my, you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his embrace.

"Yes, I am," insisted the old gentleman, holding her tightly; "you are my long-lost daughter, and I am going to keep you in my arms till I get a policeman."

When the officer came he found the old gentleman's diamond pin in the girl's hand.

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As is related, Chrysippus of Tarsus died literally died of laughing on seeing a donkey eat figs out of a silver bowl, what do you suppose would happen could he see that fat Jupiter Feuilletonnant of France, Emile Zola, tooling along on a bicycle? That Mr. Zola should need exercise and should take it in that way is manifestly no one's business but his own; yet, none the less, the descent from Pegasus to a velocipede must amuse even him. To a writer of his fecundity open-air diversions are essential, but why not enjoy them on the back of some prancing steed? The best thing for the inside of a man, Lord Palmerston wisely remarked, is the outside of a horse; and it is not at all improbable that if Zola would have himself well shaken up in the saddle, the gray matter of the brain, which is supposed to constitute genius, might, in his case, secrete something better than it has. Yes, and something a trifle less jaundiced, too. The pictures which he has furnished of cosmopolitan Paris may be repulsive, but they are not entirely inexact. For Paris, his Paris, is a city apart, one made up of the parvenus and riff-raff of every other town. It is nothing more or less than a penal colony, peopled by those who are forever exiled from the Best.

But there is another Paris which he has not explored, a city of honest men and honest women, one in which the principles of morality are a matter of inheritance, and where vice and dishonesty are as exceptional as in Anglo-Saxon homes. This is the real Paris and the one which deserves the name it bears and which it got in a manner not generally known. Long ago there was on the Breton coast a city of surpassing beauty. Its name was Is, and its inhabitants were renowned for their virtue and their culture. Through some subterranean disturbance the sea closed in, Is became submerged, and it was only now and then that fishermen from adjacent shores could discern the spires mounting beneath them and hear the bells rung by the waves. Presently these things, too, ceased to be; only the memory of them endured, yet so steadfastly that for the capital of France no better name could be found than Par-Is—Equal to Is.

There are people who read advertisements and there are others who don't. If you happen to be among the former class have you not noticed the number of cosmetics which are recommended, and has it not occurred to you that for the outlay there must be a return? And yet, who is it that buys them? Painted women, in the streets of New York at least, are infrequent enough to be framed, and in our other cities they are rarer still. Who buys these wares is then a query not unlike the one regarding the fate of pins, unanswerable and never to be solved. Certainly your wife does not, nor your sister, either. For these ladies are very well aware that there is but one reliable cosmetic, and that is health. Give a woman that and her charm will exceed anything that lotions and washes can bring. As for beauty, that is like nobility, it cannot be acquired. And a physician will tell you that it is also like fish, a thing to be preserved only on ice. Anger, contempt, desire or fright, anything which disturbs the emotions, leaves behind a little mark of its passage which you may not notice at the moment, but which slowly and surely develops into the feet of the crow.

Yet, if a woman has not emotions, how shall she enthrall? She cannot, indeed; and it is a curious and well-attested fact, that the women of history, the women who have made it and unmade it and molded it to their will, have one and all been plain. Their charms, as Talleyrand so courteously said of Mme. de Staël's, were not those of the person. It was the mind with which they coerced, and with the heart—the only thing that does not age. Apropos to which, and for the benefit of readers of advertisements, a little anecdote may be related. Some time ago, last year or the year before, a manufacturer determined to better his finances and spoil complexions by the preparation and sale of chocolates. He had a lot of the stuff put up; he packed it in boxes—pink, blue and yellow; he garnished them with flagree paper and ribbons of rainbow hues. He advertised freely and well, and sat down to wait the consumer.

But for wares of this kind the consumer requires to be absolutely beguiled. There were dozens and dozens of other brands in the market, and the advantage of a new one was in no wise apparent. Meanwhile, the manufacturer, who had sat down, got up; in the process of which he discovered to his horror that the beautiful hazel of the chocolate in those tempting boxes had turned a dingy white. It was ruin, of course, or would have been to any one unaware that the only way to outwit misfortune is by making capital out of it, and that was just the kind of a man he was. The advantage which his chocolate possessed over all others was no longer obscure, it was the only one in all the world that turned gray with age. And with a fresh series of advertisements announcing that astounding fact, presto! the stock was sold.

Chicago is becoming thoroughly English; it would rather be snubbed by royalty than not be noticed at all, for a snub denotes intention—intention, thought; and it is presumably always flattering to occupy, however transiently, the mind of the elect. Of ability to be flattered in this way the writer noted a very fair instance last year. It was at Geneva, and he was seated on the esplanade of a hotel that leaned to that lovely lake. At an adjoining table was a gentleman and two ladies, the latter recognizable as Russians, first by their accent, and secondly by the fact that they were smoking—a trick Russian ladies have, and to which, in their own country and even in

Switzerland, no one save the Cook tourists pay any attention. On the walk in front of the tables a crowd circulated in indolent coils. Just beyond, a band was playing, the beams from a great gala moon were dancing in the ripples of the lake, and in the distance, on a mountain-top, was the gleam and glitter of snow. It was all very pleasant, and marred, if at all, only by the horde of cheap trippers. Among these were a man and his wife, unmistakably back-shire English—what we would call hay-seed here—who seemed to be rendered quite angry by the occupants of the table alluded to. They stared and passed, returned and stared again, and as neither the staring nor the passing, nor yet the return, seemed in any way to disturb the occupants of that table, the wife finally vented her feelings in a single word:

"Shocking!"

The gentleman rose from his seat and, approaching the couple, raised his hat with great civility.

"May I beg leave to inquire, sir," he asked, "what your companion meant by the term shocking, which she has just been good enough to use?"

"Oh! I don't know," the man stammered. "I suppose she thought it shocking to see ladies smoking in public and said so—that's all."

"Ah, indeed! Well, permit me to tell you that I think it shocking to hear a lady speak in an elevated tone of voice. Now, I happen to be the Prince of Meiningen and cousin of your Queen, and every time you pass me and the gentlemen who are with me you will bow."

Presumably the prince was a mind-reader; in any event, he had gauged these people well, for not only did they bow, they courtesied, and took an eager and manifest pleasure in doing so, until the cousin of their Queen wearied of the jest and betook himself off to bed.

Let the Infanta snub the tuft-hunters; they would rather be snubbed than not be noticed at all.

Edgar Salter

## BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

LONG before Edwin Arnold wrote "The Light of Asia"—though that book, by its poetic appeal, did much to add interest to Buddhism—the life and doctrine of Gautama were held to be of special interest by Western nations. Travelers in Thibet were struck by the remarkable resemblance of Buddhism, as developed there, to the forms and ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The religion, once strong in India, was afterward utterly extirpated from that country; and in most parts of Asia it has suffered an almost revolutionary corruption in its change from the simplicity of doctrine, as laid down by Buddha himself.

It is said that the early missionaries of the faith, who took it to Ceylon, found there a most congenial soil, and one not occupied by a stronger or militant faith—so that we must look to the Ceylonic type of this religion for the truest and most unadulterated sample of it as delivered to, or as taught by, its founder.

This genius—for he was undoubtedly that—was called Siddhartha Gautama, Buddha being a merely official name. There have been, in fact, several Buddhas, nearly thirty in all; and one is expected always to appear at certain intervals for the upholding or better propagation of the faith. This idea Gautama himself inculcated, though none ever has equaled, or ever is expected to equal, him in pious qualities and gifts or in the favor of what higher powers the Buddhist may conceive to exist.

Gautama was of royal lineage, the son of a reigning king, and was born in the fifth century before Christ. His early years were spent in idle luxury; and to such an extremity of it did he go that men solicitous for the welfare of his father's kingdom tried to bring the kingly and paternal authority to bear to prevent a prince from being spoiled and the kingdom from future ruin. To show that the true stuff was in him, and that his habits had done him no harm, he met in some warlike or public exploits the best men of his age, and easily surpassed them all. All solicitude after this was set at rest. He married, at length, a charming princess, by whom he had one child, and nothing that human wish could desire was denied him.

It was only through some casual discoveries as he was riding, which were explained to him by his charioteer, that he found out the existence of misery in the world and caught a glimpse of the exterior of human sorrow. This gave him at once serious thoughts. Taking with him a favorite servant and a horse from the royal stables, he fled into the forests to meditate and study philosophy. He besought wisdom from the higher powers and from those versed in the deeper studies of life and man. Men who taught morals and religion, and who lived in metaphysical contemplation, became his disciples and yielded their creed to his. Some of them, who thought him to have fallen in departing suddenly, at one time, from a long and exhausting fast, were convinced of his steadfastness when he reasoned with them, and were reconciled.

Very curious and highly exaggerated stories are told of him by the early Buddhist writers; and, however false they may be, they show the distinction and high honor that he won. He was said to have been miraculously born under a bo tree, known as the tree of wisdom, and to have worked miracles. A cloud, contrary to natural law, kept shade over his cradle wherever it might be moved, and noted men, like the Magi, came to see him as an infant. As he grew up and was intent on his religious life, Mara, the Tempter, appeared in the sky and tried to dissuade him from his purpose, offering to bestow on him four great kingdoms, or what was universal rule, if he would desist. These resemblances to the incidents involved in Christian history are, at least, curious—but there are other parallels, too.

The story of Buddha and Buddhism is to be found in a vast collection of books, those written in Pali representing the Southern Buddhists or the truer doctrines, and those

in Sanskrit the Northern Buddhists. The latter are said to compare with the former in something the same way that the Apocryphal New Testament compares with the canonical one.

One feature of Buddha's doctrine which was pre-eminent was the regard given to all things having life, including therein the lowest orders and not excluding the least and worst. The true Buddhist does not drink water without straining it, lest some minute insects may be destroyed. Cowper, who would not "enter on his list of friends" the man who "needlessly sets foot upon a worm," had the Buddhist sense of pity, and, perhaps, is the earliest modern writer to show it to that degree. But the Buddhist's pity grew from the fact that he believed in the transmigration of souls. Feeling that the meanest creature might have been his ancestor in a former state of existence, and that he himself may return to this world after death in some such fashion, he had the highest motives for observing that kindness and respect to the lower orders which, in our time, has made, through pity alone, the fame of Henry Bergh.

It is not absolutely certain what the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana means. By some it is considered annihilation; and by others only the annihilation of sorrow and sin, if we take a broad view of its mystic and metaphysical terms. On this supposition Buddhism is not what it has been described to be—"a religion without a God or a hereafter." One must hope that the more genial explanation is the true one, as the Buddhist faith counts more adherents than any other religion that ever existed. It seems more refined, at any rate, than many of the religions that compete with Christianity; and in its rules for merely human conduct there are counterparts of the best thoughts and sentences that have ever been given to the world.

## MONASTIC LIFE IN RUSSIA.

ALL who have followed recent events in Russia will appreciate the timeliness of the full-page illustration on Russian monastic life in the present number. Only three weeks ago the cable brought us the news that a reorganization of the larger monasteries and convents in the Czar's empire had been ordered in consequence of the discovery of vast robberies of church treasure by the monks themselves, and not many days later we learned, through the same medium, of a horrible catastrophe at an ancient monastic shrine, involving the death or maiming of nearly three hundred pilgrims.

Few outsiders realize the importance of the rôle played by the *Tchorni Duhavenstro* or Black Clergy of Russia. Their influence on the daily life of all classes is seen and felt from Archangel to Odessa, from the Polish frontier to Vladivostok! Their monasteries and churches are often marvels of architectural art, and contain untold riches in plate, jewelry and massive silverware.

The monastery of Alexander Nevsky in St. Petersburg, of Tchersky in Kieff and of St. Sergius near Moscow head the list of these institutions in point of wealth and general importance. All three together support about fifteen hundred monks. The Alexander Nevsky Monastery, named after Russia's great patron saint, who subjugated the Finns many centuries ago, is situated at the extremity of the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg's leading thoroughfare. Its cemetery is very large and beautiful, and it is the ambition of every well-to-do citizen of the metropolis to some day repose within its walls. The authorities of the monastery, with an eye to business, have constructed enormous granaries adjoining their main building, and are enriching themselves by the rentals derived therefrom.

The Tchersky Monastery is the oldest in Russia, and contains the shrines of no less than four hundred saints, whose bodies, dried by the chemical action of the atmosphere in the subterranean vaults, are exposed to the view of the faithful. The pilgrimages to this place occur in the summer time, when thousands and thousands of *moujiks*, with a sprinkling of the wealthier classes, march to its portals in solid bodies bearing banners and chanting church hymns. Our illustrations depict a pilgrimage of this kind, and also the method in vogue for obtaining refreshments en route. It will be seen that huge samovars are employed for providing the weary and footsore travelers with a needed, though harmless, stimulant, and loaves of fresh white bread, called *proshprty*, are distributed to each one in his turn.

The St. Sergius Monastery was, but a few months ago, the Mecca of over fifty thousand pilgrims, chiefly from the city of Moscow, who traveled the entire distance between the two places—about sixty versts—on foot, in order to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of that great saint's death. The Grand Duke Sergius, brother of the Czar, received the pilgrims in person and superintended the festivities.—(See page 4.)

## A MODERN VERSION.

MINISTER: "Wilt thou now take  
This carriage, these diamonds,  
To be the husband of thy choice,  
Fast lock'd in the bond of Hymen?  
And wilt thou leave home and friends  
To be his loving wife;  
And help to spend his large income  
So long as thou hast life?"  
"I will," the modest maid replies,  
The love-light shining in her eyes.

MINISTER: "And wilt thou take  
this dress'd-up doll,  
This ostentatious pride,  
With all these unpaid milliners' bills,  
To be thy chosen bride?"

"And wilt thou love and cherish her  
While thou hast life and health,  
But die as soon as possible,  
And leave her all thy wealth?"  
"I will," the fearless man replies,  
And eager waits the nuptial ties.



## THE PLAYING CARDS OF PERSIA.



"ALHAMDULILLAH, thanks be to God! the air here is pure, the water is good, and we have had excellent sport to-day," exclaims His Majesty Nasr-e-deen Shah, serenely smiling as he sits him down on his knees on the cushions of his pavilion at Sheristanek.

This, one of the numerous noble resorts of royalty in the neighborhood of the capital of Persia, is situated some twelve thousand feet above the sea in a valley of the magnificent range of the Elburz which overlooks

the city, and is in turn dominated by the peak of Demand, soaring to a height of twenty-one thousand feet. The Shah is a mighty hunter, enthusiastic and fearless in the pursuit of the ibex, the tiger and the boar. He takes several of his wives with him when he goes to the chase, and a number of the chief ministers, together with an immense retinue of servants and soldiers. At the same time, he does not neglect public business, but keeps himself in communication with the capital by frequent couriers.

He is also fond of poetry, amusing himself when the sport of the day is done with composing himself or dictating the incidents of the day to the court historiographer. Better still, he enjoys agreeable conversation, is genial and fond of a joke or a good story. One of his favorite amusements on these hunting expeditions is to employ the high ministers of the realm in preparing the royal dinner, while he looks on and chaffs them. I have seen a photograph taken on one of these occasions representing the Lord High Chamberlain and several of the ministers preparing vegetables and fish for the kettle in one of the large tents of the hunting camp.

But when the meal is over and the namag, or evening prayer, has been observed, and the good wine or spirits which he condescends to quaff begins to mellow the royal brain—for, like many Mohammedans, he finds ways of evading the precepts of his religion on the liquor question—then the Shah calls for cards. The game resembles poker, and the stakes are often high when the sovereign and his nobles handle the "pasteboards." Of course, he is allowed to win the largest number of games, and his word must never be disputed. The Shah is fond of money, but he contrives to make a revenue and keep the expenses within the income—which is more than some Governments do—in various ways sanctioned by Oriental custom and outside of the regular lines of taxation. He accepts, not to say invites, large presents of money, understands how to tax the property of subjects whose accumulations are excessive—doubtless some of them deserve it—and enjoys handling the winnings at a game of cards.

On one of these occasions a high dignitary whose name has escaped me, finding himself running short of money to meet his stakes, turned to the Moayer-ul-Mamolek, whose son married a daughter of the Shah, and asked him the loan of six thousand tomanus, equivalent to ten thousand dollars.

"What security, for example, can Your Excellency offer?" replied the other.

"Security? Why, what need of security from me? Shall I not return it to you to-morrow? I swear it on the beard of the Prophet," replied the first in a pleading tone and tenderly stroking the beard of the Moayer-ul-Mamolek, who, wily as a fox and not to be outdone in suavity, says:

"Far be it from me to even suggest such a thing to one of your exalted character; on my own account the money is yours; return it or not, whenever it pleases you; but Allah only knows what might happen, and I have my family to consider. Just send to your nazeer or steward for your Koran. It is but a trifle; I can keep it by me, and whenever you care to return the money the book will be handed to your servant."

Infatuated with the game, desperate for the money, and considering a transaction performed before so many witnesses as entirely safe, the borrower sent for the Koran and deposited it with the Moayer-ul-Mamolek.

But he paid dear for his recklessness. He was dealing in Persia with a Persian. The following day he sent the six thousand tomanus to the mansion of the Moayer-ul-Mamolek with a request for the return of the Koran. All the reply he received and all the satisfaction he ever got was the cool message that search had been made in every

nook and corner, but that in some inscrutable way the precious manuscript had been mislaid, perhaps stolen. Allah would discover the thief in his own good time! The fact of the matter was that the Moayer-ul-Mamolek was an insatiable collector of rare manuscripts and bibelots, with the deep yearning for them and the easy conscience so often found in your genuine collector. He had long craved this magnificent Koran, one of the noblest manuscripts of the East, valued by Persians themselves



NASR-E-DEEN,  
Shah of Persia, Guardian of the Faith.

at over ninety thousand dollars. Having this treasure at last in his grasp he did not propose to relinquish it, and had the power and address to evade further disturbance for his crime. Needless to say, the manuscript was found among his effects after his death.

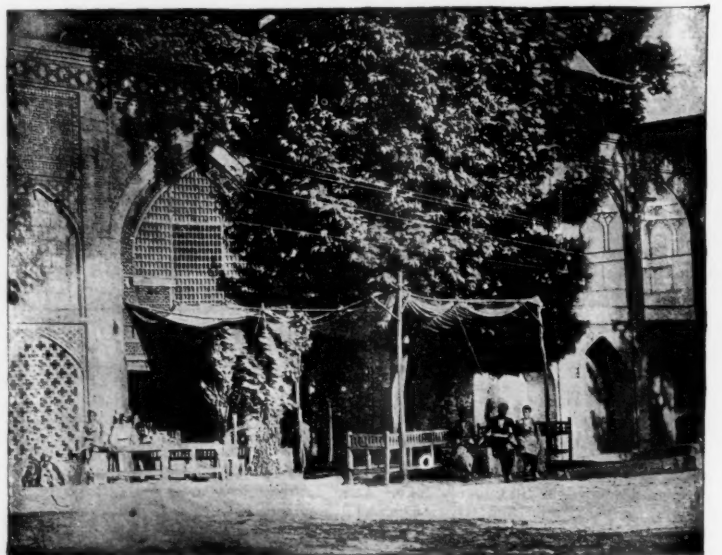
Playing cards were introduced into Europe from the East about the beginning of the fourteenth century, borrowed, it is said, from the Arabs or the Saracens. This was natural enough, because the Arabs were the Orientals whom the Europeans most often met during the Crusades or when trading in the Mediterranean. But the Arabs,

it is well known, borrowed their arts and sciences from Persia. Now, the Persians themselves were keen borrowers of ideas from China and India, countries with which they were in communication from very early periods. But, like all men of genius or originating talent, as the leading Persian writers and artists have always been, they borrowed not to imitate, but to assimilate and reproduce in their own way. According to East Indian tradition, cards were invented by the Brahmins, far back in the very glimmering dawn of history. The Chinese, on the other hand, claim that there is distinct record of the invention of cards in the reign of their king, Senn-ho, 1120 A.D., for the entertainment of the royal concubines. It is my opinion that, whatever may be the case with Chinese cards, the Persians caught the idea from India by way of Cashmere, at an age prior to the conquest of

Persia by the Arabs, in the seventh century, and that the game was, at first, played with painted ceramic tablets, something like the tablets on which records were stamped at a later period, when they brought paper from China, which they called Cambalu, from the name of the city described by Marco Polo, bringing also the art of illumination from the north of India in the time of the Mogul invasion, they combined the Chinese material and the Indian art to produce the cards which are now used in Persia and which have been used there to our certain knowledge for ages.

To one who is familiar with the processes marking the evolution of the arts of Persia, the evidence is conclusive that the present style and general character of the conventional types of figures used in a Persian poker deck has been in use for a long time. Persian art has always been personal, by which I mean that it is done by hand and not by machinery, whether it be rug-making or picture-painting, book-making or architectural decoration. Partly because of a sound artistic common sense, but chiefly because of almost absolute ignorance of anything but legendary history, the Persian artist represents figures just as they look in his day, as did the painters of the European Renaissance. Even when he designs scenes of the past or of other countries, he represents figures in the costume of his own time. In the art of painting on papier-mache or pasteboard, we find still another evidence of the probable age of a Persian picture, because of the nature of the pasteboard, which, in this case, is made by pasting sheets of paper together. At the present time, the Persians import and use to some extent European pasteboard and cardboard. Therefore, however old a Persian picture may appear, if it is on regular pasteboard of even texture, it is sure to be of recent make.

I have before me a card case that is at least one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty years old. The edges show that it is made of sheets of paper glued together to form a pasteboard; it is lined with the peculiar Chinese paper called kambalu, which has not been imported into Persia for many years. The sixteen cards it holds, which in this instance happen to be made up from several sets designed at different periods, are all precisely two and three-eighths inches long and one and five-eighths of an inch wide. That is the uniform size of the Persian playing card. The outer sides of the rabbit of the box are covered with a thick coat of gilding; the cover which sets over it and the box itself are painted black and richly



A TEA HOUSE.

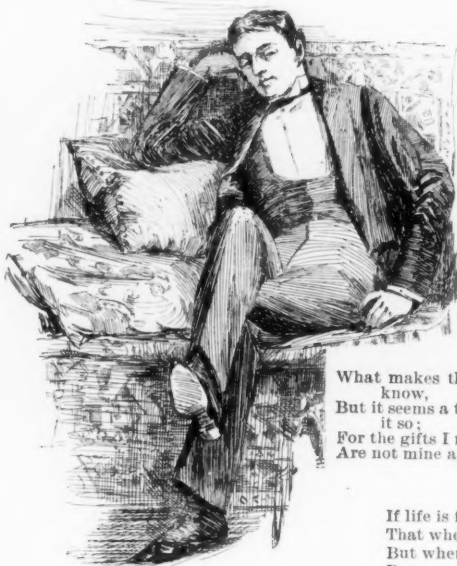


# THE DIFFERENCE

BY JOEL BENTON

I.  
WHEN once I was a little boy of three or four, or more,  
The large girls stooped to kiss me—the girls I now adore;  
But for their sweet caresses then, or sitting in one's lap,  
I had no tender longing and I didn't care a rap.

II.  
Their frequent sweet attention of course I had to bear,  
Although the harmless fashion brought me no equal share;  
I failed to guess its purport, and never felt its bliss—  
The mystery and meaning that linger in a kiss.



IV.  
What makes this changed demeanor I confess I do not know,  
But it seems a thousand pities that the fates should shape it so;  
For the gifts I now should welcome with ecstasy and joy  
Are not mine any longer because I'm not a boy.

V.  
If life is full of puzzles, no sadder one is this—  
That when you do not want it you can always have a kiss;  
But when you know its value, and could well retaliate,  
Between it, and your longing, drops the dreadful door of fate.

III.  
But now that Time has brought me up to man's supreme estate,  
The favors I got early do not come to me of late—  
I meet as many grown girls as I ever met before,  
But they do not care to treat me in the old way any more.



VI.  
'Tis a comfortless conclusion that the years should take away  
The joys we'd give the world for if they came to us to-day;  
And I own I'd give up freely all my worldly wealth and store  
Were I but a little boy again of three or four or more.

varnished or lacquered. On one side, on a yellow ground circled with gold tracery-work, is the figure of a youth two-thirds length. The costume and style in which this figure is painted indicate the probable period to which it belongs.

The same observations apply to the cards. Although the design is conventional and although they differ in details—just as ours vary from the German or the French, or follow the style of this or that maker, and yet have the same face cards and lower suits—so the Persian cards represent four suits consisting of four denominations, called respectively the *Nalb* or *Prince*, the *Hunter*, the *Child* and the *Courtesan* or *Dancer*, the latter title indicating the character of the professional dancers of the East. None of the cards in this set are less than fifty years old and several are very much older. They have been carefully handled and have been preserved by repeated coats of varnish, which has imparted great richness to the coloring and gilding. One of the sets of the *Child*, which represents an infant sitting on its mother's lap, belongs to the period of Ab Nedjef, the celebrated Persian artist, who lived two centuries ago. The cards belonging to the suit of the *Courtesan* represent a dancing woman of India rather than of Persia, which seems to suggest the East Indian origin of the Persian cards. The figures of these cards are painted on an oval ground, which is either a superb reddish-gold or crimson or green laid over the gold which glints through. There is more or less gilding also on the dress, accoutrements and jewelry of the figures. There is undoubtedly much barbaric splendor and fine feeling for color exhibited in the designs of some of these cards.

Under the circumstances, card playing in Persia is essentially a game for those who are possessed of means. A set is never cheap, while some sets cost from fifty dollars upward. They are, however, played sometimes in the tea-houses along with backgammon and checkers, the tea-houses of Persia being like the Turkish coffee-houses or the German beer-gardens.

Some of the noted artists of Persia have not disdained to display their talents on the designs of Persian playing cards, and no two artists have ever made them precisely alike; nor are the different sets of any one artist ever precisely identical. Each card of a suit differs slightly from the others.

The artist of Persia, until very recently, has depended on his own skill for every article used in the making of his pictures, whether it be a decorative design for a mirror case or a pack of playing cards. His studio or workshop is an open booth in the bazaar, where he sits on his knees on a rug, with a cushion behind him, and toils with a real love for his vocation; or he works in a porch of his house, where the murmur of running water blends with the dreamy rustling of the leaves; or, perhaps, he works under the trees in his own garden or in a square of the market-place. If successful and overrun with commissions, he employs one or two chagirds or apprentices who block in his designs and otherwise aid him, while they are learning to be artists in turn. He makes his own paste-board and brushes, prepares his own colors and varnishes

by secret processes of his own, especially the varnish or lacquer, which holds an important place in Persian art, and he is therewithal content, for it costs little for the middle and lower classes to live in that delightful clime, and I have never seen artists anywhere less mercenary and more imbued with a love of art for itself than the artists of Persia.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

## REMOVING LANDMARKS.

WHEN Governor Flower signed the bill to demolish the old Croton Reservoir on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street he gave effect to a proposition concerning two of New York's few remaining historical structures—since the Reservoir is to be replaced by the old City Hall. The latter building was begun in 1803, under the mayoralty of



OLD CROTON RESERVOIR.

Edward Livingston, who laid the corner-stone. With trifling exceptions of wear and tear and of a fire which destroyed the original cupola, it remains to-day as it was when finished, in 1812.

The front and sides were built of Massachusetts white marble, and the rear of red sandstone—partly from motives of economy and partly because it stood at a point which was then so far "up-town" that the northern side was considered to be out of sight for all future time. The building is a finished and beautiful architectural work in the Italian style, well proportioned, being two hundred and sixteen feet long by one hundred and five deep. It will remain an ornament to the city as long as it exists.

The Croton Reservoir was originally

the final means of distribution for the old Croton Aqueduct. This aqueduct was begun in 1835 and finished in 1842; and when, on July 4 in that year, the water was turned into the reservoir, there was general public rejoicing. The event was celebrated on that day by a procession, civic and military, eight miles in length; and in the following September still other ceremonies took place to show how thoroughly New York rejoiced in a suitable water system and relief from the old "well-water" plan for quenching the thirst of a quarter of a million people. The low, squat, fortress-like building, one hundred and fifteen feet above tide-water, with a capacity of twenty million gallons, is by no means an unsightly structure, and will be missed by New York's residents, old and new. Our illustrations will serve to perpetuate the appearance of these old landmarks as they stand amid their present surroundings.

ETHEL—"Miss Primeage says your hair is not your own."

MABEL—"It's false."

ETHEL—"That's just what she said."

SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, boys, you can often tell a man's occupation by looking at him. For instance, how would you distinguish a day laborer?"

SCHOLAR—"By his large hands and muscles."

TEACHER—"Right—and a lawyer?"

SCHOLAR—"By his massive brain."

TEACHER—"Yes—and an editor?"

SCHOLAR—"By his baggy trousers."



THE CITY HALL.



## WOMAN'S WORLD.



### THE WHEEL OF FASHION.

The rainbow burst of colors which came in with the spring has gradually subsided. The summer fabrics are mostly in pale delicate shades, which, with the rich trimmings now universally worn, make up the loveliest costumes that heart of woman could desire. Bretelles and shoulder frills being well-nigh done to death, are conspicuously absent from the latest models. Our central figure shows a toilette for the races, designed in Paris. This dainty little costume is made of fawn-colored crepon trimmed with a darker shade of galon. The style is especially suited to a tall, slight figure, the triple skirt having the effect of reducing the height. The bodice has cross-over fronts and a deep pointed belt. The sleeves,

bouffant to the elbow are surmounted by two deep frills. A simple and graceful costume which might be effectively carried out in a pretty light washing material.



DRESS FOR MISS CLEVELAND.



BLOUSE FOR A SMALL BOY.

The other costume is a promenade gown made in London for Miss Cleveland. It is a handsome black silk figured grenadine made up over duchesse satin. The skirt consists of three deep flounces edged with bébé ribbon, with bunches of ribbon in the folds in exact imitation of chrysanthemums. The corsage is made with cross-pieces and has full puffs on sleeves of grenadine with bows of bébé ribbon on the shoulders, also a large bunch at the waist belt. The collar and belt are of satin. There is a pretty little bonnet to wear with it.

Among other dresses made for Miss Cleveland by the same modiste was a charming morning gown of white and blue crepon, the skirt made with three frills, one at the foot, one in center and one above; bodice in the new fichu fashion with very large sleeves. Very handsome was a tea-gown of rich Lyons velvet in green, with front and sleeves of rich vieux rose silk, patterned with red

florations and green leaves. Large loops of green velvet ribbons hung from the side of the gown. A tweed walking gown, in plaid, in fawn and brown, was very stylish. The skirt simply made with deep hem, stitched up on right side, and stitched seams. The bodice, with revers coming to bust, and a draped fawn silk habit shirt, brown braid headed hem on skirt, and the revers. Bodice, below



DRESS FOR THE RACES.

bust, double-breasted, with large pearl buttons. There was a hat to match this gown. Next to it was a morning gown of white Nainsook, with oval spots in lavender. The skirt was nine yards in width, with five flounces. The bodice fastened behind; it had turn-down frill, edged



No. 4.



No. 5.

with finest thread lace. A large fichu to tie on when desired, edged with frill and lace, added to the pic-

turesque effect. A yachting gown of cream serge had a modified bell skirt; loose-fronted jacket, with full vest; rounded zouaves, edged with ball fringe of cream; and a sailor hat completed the costume. A carriage dress of dark myrtle green was embroidered very richly in black,



No. 6.

and had trimming of Eau de Nil silk, and the bonnet matched. This contrasted with a dainty home gown of white foulard, with small specks here and there, three frills round skirt, edged with narrow velvet ribbon, and a pretty full bodice. Each gown had a silk petticoat to match, and for some of the woolen gowns moreen petticoats were supplied, so as to hold out the new shape skirt.

Among the novelties for children is the very smart little costume for a small boy shown in our illustration. It is a blouse made in holland, cut into a point back and front, to admit of a peep at a shirt with a frilled collar and full sleeves. A suede belt is worn round the hips.

A pretty collarette, useful for furnishing up an old bodice, may be easily made at home. The one shown (No. 4) is of bouillonné, encircled with beaded bands and finished with a soft frilling. All round depend radiating tabs of satin glistening at the points with colored beads and lined with a contrasting silk. No. 5 is an effective bodice trimming. It has a high collar and square yoke contrasting with the bodice, crossed and bordered with feather or chenille trimming in harmony with the deep vandyke formed by a beaded and silk fringe. The epaulettes are composed of a double flounce arranged in cork-screw plaitings.

Three beautiful sunshades are shown in No. 6. The first is of white gauze in accordion plaitings over pink or blue silk, bordered with festoons in embroidered gauze; a circle of this dainty trimming is carried at the top round the ferule. The second is of shot silk banded with either fancy ribbon, galon or lace insertions. The third is of moiré silk veiled with bouillonné triangles in silk muslin and crossed star fashion, with radiated rows of gathered ruchings pinked out at the edges in keeping with the flounce drooping all round. The stick is ivory, with gold top and knobs, or sometimes incrustated with stones.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, of London, England, who assisted at the Catholic Temperance Congress in Chicago as a representative of the League of the Cross, is visiting Canada. Dr. Barry is well known as a writer on religious and social subjects. He is the author of "The New Antigone," one of the most remarkable novels of the day. In it he has embodied his views on Socialism, but so cleverly interwoven with an exciting romance that the interest of the book by no means hinges on its political significance. It is a very fascinating work, either to the ordinary novel reader or to the Socialist.

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Is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-Bac, the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-To-Bac," sold by all druggists. Look at drug stores or by mail free, address: The Sterling Remedy Co., Box 1273, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

#### AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The reciprocity treaty between Brazil and the United States is not looked upon in Brazil as an unmixed blessing. There has always been a large trade in textile fabrics between Great Britain and the countries of South America, Brazil being one of the largest customers Manchester merchants have had. There are several buyers from Brazil now in Manchester, and they say that the reciprocity treaty is causing much dissatisfaction in Brazilian commercial circles. According to the terms of the treaty, textile fabrics imported from the United States are admitted into Brazil at much lower duties than are imposed on goods of the same class imported from Great Britain. According to these buyers, many Brazilian merchants would prefer to make all their purchases in Manchester, but the differential duties in favor of American goods prevent them from doing so. Under these circumstances it should be the policy of American manufacturers to make renewed efforts to gain the rest of this trade under the reciprocity scheme. If Congress can aid in the scheme the assistance would, doubtless, be thankfully received by all the parties interested, except the Manchester merchants.

COMPTROLLER CAMPBELL, of the State of New York, has engaged Senator David B. Hill and Benjamin R. Dos Passos, of New York City, as the State's counsel to defend, before Surrogate Ransom, of New York City, and in the higher courts, the claim of the State to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a tax under the Collateral Inheritance Tax law from the estate of Jay Gould. The Gould estate has paid in five hundred thousand dollars to Comptroller Myers, but disputes the correctness of the State's valuation of Jay Gould's stocks and also the right of the State to tax five million dollars which Jay Gould bequeathed to George Gould for "services," claiming that it was in payment of a debt and was not a gift.

In Paris, there is a bureau that supplies substitutes for suffering of all kinds that can be transferred. There is a register and a regular scale of charges. If called for jury service, or to go to jail, the lucky Parisian may find a "double" by applying to the bureau. One dollar a day, paid in advance, is enough to enable the dude or other light-weight criminal to keep out of jail and commit misdemeanors right along. The young American who goes to Paris to rid himself of his money has found this bureau quite convenient. If compelled to go to jail himself for a misdemeanor, he would be seriously delayed in the main object of his visit to Paris—the getting rid of his surplus change. The bureau helps him both ways, and is doubtless an invention of the shrewd money-getters who superintend the "pleasures" of Paris.

SOUTH CAROLINA has gone into the liquor business, and the Governor has purchased three hundred thousand dollars' worth of liquor with which to stock the State Dispensary. We all must give the Old South State the benefit of fair play, kindly encouragement and honest criticism; for the business is one that sometimes runs itself while the manager is floored behind the bar. South Carolina should begin the business by taking the pledge.

A curious reform in the currency of Bolivia has just been accomplished. When bank notes were first issued in Bolivia there was great dearth of fractional currency. It consequently became the custom to make change by tearing the bank notes into fractions. The banks received these fractional pieces of paper money, and the custom then inaugurated has continued to the present time. An entire bank note is therefore a rarity in Bolivia. Almost the entire issue is in the shape of fractions. By a decree recently issued the banks were instructed to redeem these fractions of bank notes until June 30, after which time they will not be received by the Government or by the banks, and will therefore rapidly

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## The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

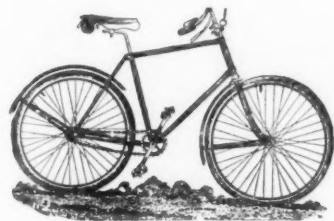
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.

disappear from circulation. The substitution of a new and entire bank note for the old fractional notes is now in progress, and holders of torn bills were warned by legal advertisements in the newspapers to present them for redemption before June 30.

THE KANSAS CITY Times claims that that city will grow at the expense of both Chicago and St. Louis, that merchants and capitalists will not pass Kansas City to do business and invest money. We should say there is room for those three cities in the Great Central Plain, without drawing away trade from one another. The youngest of the three, especially, has plenty of room to grow right where she is.



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ARE EQUALED BY FEW, EXCELLED BY NONE. SIX PATTERNS FOR 1893. WEIGHTS 20 TO 44 POUNDS. PRICES \$100 TO \$145.

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## Glenn's Sulphur Soap,

is now exclusively used for permanently enhancing the charms of complexion, and giving a lasting brilliancy to the most sallow and pimple-covered skin. In fact, the potent effect of this most

**EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTIFIER** brings to even the weary and care-worn cheeks of age the **BLOOM OF YOUTH.**

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Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CHITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

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## NEW YORK'S HUMAN HIVE.

PEEP AT A BLOCK IN WHICH DWELL OVER EIGHT THOUSAND TENANTS.

I TOOK a walk the other day through the most densely crowded spot in the world.

Think of eight thousand one hundred and sixty people in one block! Yes, that is what I saw, right in New York, a few blocks from her famous City Hall; or, more explicitly, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, and Avenue A and First Avenue.

Now that the season of cholera is again approaching, my friend, the detective, who accompanied me, said:

"It is just in this human hive that cholera and typhus will first feed."

The block in question enjoys the enviable distinction of sheltering more people than any other one similar area in the known world. There may be places where the people are equally closely congregated, in a layer, so to speak; but here are six, yes, seven layers, one on the other, in crowded New York, all under the same roof.

To come to details: The block comprises sixty-eight houses, each having a frontage of twenty-five feet. Each floor has four families, and, at a small estimate, there are five people in each home, making one thousand six hundred and thirty-two families in this wonderful New York block, or eight thousand one hundred and sixty people!

The block is two hundred and eighty-five feet wide and six hundred and twenty-five feet long; or, in all, comprising one hundred and forty thousand six hundred and twenty-five square feet, or twenty-one square feet to a family. The houses in this block are from four to seven stories high.

My friend, the detective, was seeking a forger that afternoon, who was supposed to be in hiding in this dense congregation of human beings. It became, therefore, part of his duty to look thoroughly through the hive. In a few hours I saw enough to convince me of the gross inhumanity of the so-called flat system, especially when thousands of people are herded together like cattle under one roof.

In one room we saw a family of nine children, the largest barely fifteen years of age. The mother said: "You do not see the oldest boys and girls. They are away at work. The girl is employed in a bean factory sorting beans; Charlie, who is seven, runs about the street, picking up the coals that fall off the wagons, and hunting scraps of wood; Billie, the next, aged five, is out selling papers. My husband works in a machine shop, and gets nine dollars a week. Are things hard? Well, I leave that to you. Butter? We never see such a thing; why, it is always over thirty cents a pound; when we buy coal, it is by the bushel, at twenty cents; bread is five cents a loaf; but one of the boys knows a baker who sells us stale bread at three cents; for milk for baby, I buy the condensed article, at ten cents, the cheapest kind; as for meat, did you ever hear of 'chuck' steak? Well, it is eight cents a pound; that is the best I can do."

At this point the woman resumed her washing. This family is a typical one; there are scores in the same circumstances in this haunted block, with its thousands on thousands of human beings.

You should see the babies in that block! On the roof, on the stairs, in the streets, in the rear court, everywhere, anywhere, thicker than rain-drops on a summer's day. Some were running to and fro assisting the women at their work; others were lolling about, very dirty and very ragged; a few were clean and well dressed.

In the courtyard, in the rear, swings the washing, the lines, crossing and re-crossing in endless confusion, fairly blotting out the sky. Such a wash-day as Monday is in the eight-thousand-tenant houses. Only the poor know the sad inequalities of life in the big city.

When evening comes down, the people stroll on the roof, seeking a breath of air. This is the favorite lounging-place in New York for tenement-house dwellers. It is, withal, the favorite "sparking" ground for the young people. Thousands on thousands of matches, ending in marriage, are, no doubt, made in this quaint fashion in Gotham yearly. And, as might be imagined, the big roof in the eight-thousand-tenant house is alive with young and old as soon as the sun goes down. The elderly ones sit complacently in some snug corner and smoke and tell yarns; the young couples walk to and fro, chatting in low voices. It is an interesting, yet somewhat pathetic sight. To such extremes are the poor reduced in New York City. I asked one man why he did not go West and begin life anew. He replied: "I have no money; I work all day on the dock, and at night I am so tired that I have no time to go anywhere; I would like to get out of New York, but I am practically stranded here."

In the big block are twenty saloons, two drug stores, four meat markets, three bakeries, four fruit stands, three tailor shops, three barber shops, five shoe stores, nine tobacco shops, four doctors, two umbrella shops, two hardware establishments, one bookbinder and one whitewashing shop.

A recent report shows that there are eighty-one thousand houses in New York occupied by a number of families so great as to imply that there are nearly four families for every house in the city! When it is recalled that there are thousands of beautiful private residences in the town, used exclusively by the rich or the well-to-do, it is realized to what an extent the other parts of the city must be overcrowded, to accommodate the average of nearly four families. In

## ARE YOU FRECKLED?

## Have the March Winds Brought out a Full Supply of Freckles?

Do not worry—they can be removed. Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach keeps the skin free, no matter how badly you freckle.



"Many ladies are annoyed," says Mme. Ruppert, "in the spring by hideous freckles, but, thanks to my World-Renowned Face Bleach, each year this number gets smaller. I guarantee my Face Bleach in every case to remove freckles. In every case where it fails I will give \$500. This should be guarantee enough. I ask only this, that you give it a trial, and, after that, you will agree with me that my World-Renowned Face Bleach is the most wonderful preparation known for removing freckles; and not alone this, but if you use during the summer, you cannot tan, burn or freckle, no matter if you appear in the hottest rays of the sun daily. If you use my Face Bleach in the early spring your freckles will not appear at all. Do not wait, but call now; or, if you live at a distance, send for it. One bottle sells for \$2.00, or three bottles for \$5.00. It is not a cosmetic to cover up, but a thorough cure. I send all orders from a distance in plain wrapper, safely packed, free from outside observation. Beware of imitations—see that all my preparations bear photograph and signature in full on label of Madame A. Ruppert. Address all communications to

**MADAME A. RUPPERT.**

6 E. Fourteenth St., New York.

Philadelphia, the average is but one and one-tenth families for the house.

The death rate tells the rest.

In New York it is twenty-eight per thousand; in Philadelphia twenty-two.

Of one million six hundred thousand inhabitants, according to the national count, no less than one million two hundred thousand people live in apartments, flats and tenements! In the region in which the big flat house herein described lies—that is, the "tenement-house" district—the statistics of the Board of Health show that there are massed no less than two hundred and seventy-six thousand families.

It is strange that this state of affairs should exist in the greatest city in the United States, where the conditions of civilization should show high development in the homes of its humble workers. It is just in such places, too, that the dreaded cholera, should it return this year, will sweep with widest devastation.

I visited eleven houses in the big block, on one pretext and another, and in none of them was there a bath; nor do I believe that there is a bath in that whole dreadful block! How those eight thousand tenants manage to keep clean is one of the mysteries of Gotham. The fact is, unless a laboring man can pay at least twenty-five dollars a month rent—and he surely cannot—he will never have a bath in New York in which there is a bath. This is the cold-blooded fact of the case. The rooms in the big block are in suits of two and three apartments. The majority of them are "inside," and consequently are dark on the lightest days. In hundreds of these noisome rooms I saw lamps burning, candles flickering, blue gas flames twinkling, although outside the day was one of the finest seen in years.

The "regulations" of the big house are nailed in many conspicuous places, and are as follows. That they are unique and oftentimes absurd speaks for itself, thus:

All rents payable promptly on the first of the month, and wherever owner may request.

Apartment to be used for private families only.

Rooms to be shown to new applicants. Two weeks' notice expected when tenants desire to vacate.

Children must not make a playground

of the halls, front stoops or roof; they are restricted to their own rooms.

The butcher, grocer, ice and coal man, to use the rear basement entrances.

No dogs, cats, birds or other animal pets allowed on the premises.

No sitting or lounging in the halls allowed.

All garbage burned, if possible; the rest to be put in the metal pails; no garbage to be thrown out of the windows.

In sweeping the halls, the woman who lives on the top must begin first and send her sweepings to the next lower household; no mats to be shook out of the windows; no carpets to be beat on the roof; no ice-water allowed to escape from boxes on the floors; see that the waste water does not run.

Families on the first floor must use roof on Mondays; families on second floor, on Tuesdays; on third floor, on Wednesdays, and so on through the week; no rubbish to be dumped in the fire-escapes.

Reader, would you like to be poor in New York? JOHN HUBERT GRIESEL.

A PENNSYLVANIA man claims he has discovered the Egyptian method of tempering copper. The way to temper a copper in New York is to behave yourself and talk civilly while you are on his beat.

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